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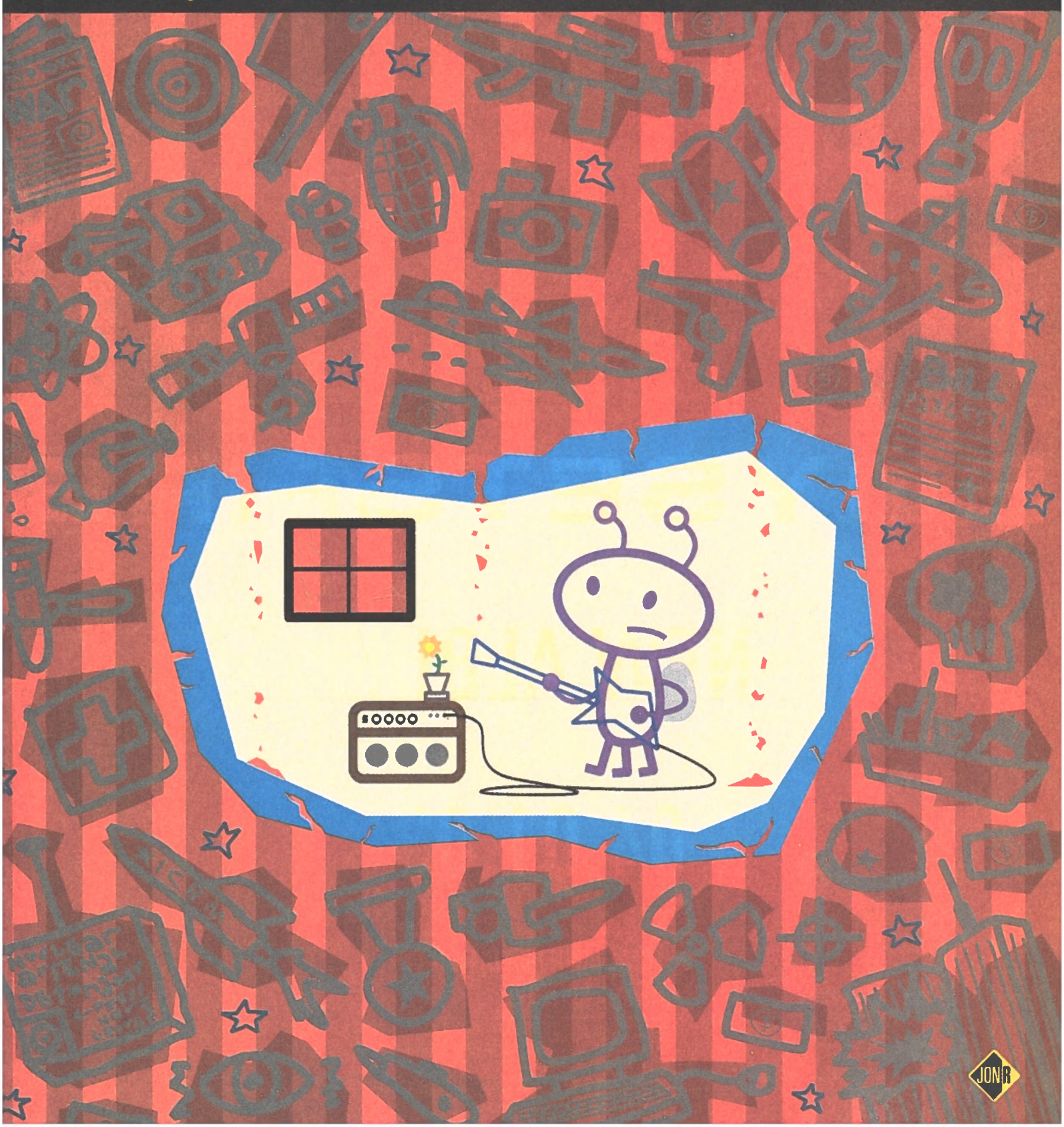

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ROCTOBER COMICS & MUSIC

#35 WINTER/SPRING 2003

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Letter from the Editor: Well, it's 2003, we survived our 10th anniversary and it was a doozy! Our One Man Band Encyclopedia was a success, we sponsored our first ever music and film festival, Uno-A-Go-Go, we released a handful of bizarre and obscure Roctober CDs, our website Roctober.com got better (and the heavy traffic reflected it) and our TV show, Chic-A-Go-Go danced on and on. Now, I'm not going to lie to you, because I love you...this issue reflects how exhausted the last year left us. This rag features some bizarre, outsider comix (pretty easy to edit because they don't make sense) and more importantly, we cleaned out our closets! Enjoy this issue as we have squeezed in a gaggle of articles and interviews that we haven't been able to fit into our past issues. Next issue our updates and regular features will return, but sit back here and enjoy some comical, eccentric strangeness (that hopefully should help ease these troubled days) from some Roctober favorites! Dolemite! Snoop! Prima! Incoherent Bill Haley! Enjoy them all, and we'll see you again this Summer!

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http://www.homestead.com/timelane12/End_of_the_line_.html
One of my new favorites...ask the Evil Monkey!

...costs of living according to Johnnie Taylor...
1. Cost of bus fare home - $1 (Source: "Last Two Dollars")
2. Cost of enough songs on jukebox for the remainder of the evening - $1 (Source: "Last Two Dollars")
3. Cost of marriage license - $2 (Source: "Cheaper To Keep Her")
4. Cost of keeping his baby satisfied – several hundred dollars (Source: "Big Head Hundreds")
5. Cost of a divorce - $2,000 (Source: "Cheaper To Keep Her")

... more songs that mention once-future dates, now past.
1. XTC- "Living Through Another Cuba" ("If we get thru this lot alright, they're due for replay in 1998")
2. Public Image, Ltd. – "1981" ("...I want more, more, more, want everything in 1981..." By the way, 1981 was already three years past when the song was released, instant obsolescence!)
3) Paul McCartney andWings – "Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Five" (I haven't heard this song since I quit eating McDonald's hamburgers, but it bears the cryptic tag line, "No, I'll never leave my wife, Nineteen hundred and eighty five."
4) Ramones – "All The Way" ("Doomsday, doomsday's coming 1981")
5) Ramones – "Planet Earth, 1988" (More visions of doomsday. Joey and Dee Dee are gone, but at least The Cold War didn't escalate into the full scale apocalypse a lot of kids had anticipated, which means we can still listen to their records)

I am the creator and writer of the website "Eccentric New Orleans." I was not very pleased to see the text from my Quintron page lifted and reprinted on the pages of your magazine (Issue#34 One Man Band) without permisson or compensation. The text that you lifted from me, and attributed to "PK", was not written for a press kit, liner notes, or for Quintron's website. As stated on the Eccentric New Orleans site, all material is copyrighted and not to be used without permission.
-Rick Delaup, LA
Sorry about that, be sure to check out www.eccentricneworleans.com, and also the Miss Pussycat Christmas special that Mr. D. directed!

At the studio where I work, we have many back issues of Roctober. It goes without saying that the magazine is infinitelv interesting whenever things in the studio are not. During a dull moment in a recent session, I became so engrossed in Issue 32's "Black Punk Time" article that the session ground to a halt. I had to pretend to go to the can so I could finish it in peace. I try not to let things like this happen, but I cannot deny greatness.
I was first struck by how perfect your biography of the Bad Brains was (my all-time favorite hardcore band -- I will never forget the sight of HR making his entrance by doing a backflip and landing precisely on the downbeat and precisely in front of the mic stand at C.O.D. in 1982), and I was impressed that you were willing to listen to- and digest their many lesser works so the rest of us don't have to, despite our curiosity. You did a great job of appreciating the genius of the band (and especially HR) without ignoring their human failings. I was told (by Minor Threat's Lyle Preslar, if it matters) that HR was originally a nickname, the initials for "Hunting Rod," which probably has the meaning we imagine it does. I was told that Darryl Jennifer played bass on a Bob Dylan album in the '80s, and if memory serves, also a Hall and Oates album, but I have no evidence of it.
As the article progressed to other (lesser and greater) talents, I was struck by how many of those mentioned had crossed my path at one point or another, and I thought your readers might appreciate additional trivia and anecdotes about them.
Basement 5: The story I remember from when their records were current was that this group started as a pastime for members of the art department of Island records. They either practiced in the basement or the art department was in the basement of the Island records building.
Craig Calvert: The Fix was probably the first hardcore group I ever heard, thanks to Jon Babbin, who was friends with them and later would manage the Effigies. In his hair-metal incarnation in Jewel Fetish, Craig went by the nom-de-hair "Roxy Bombay," a name so perfect in its evocative idiocy that it still gets shouted as a heckle whenever a band oversteps the limits of tackyness.
Vaginal Creme Davis: Is huge. Six-foot-something and quite "buff," she is something to see. Her most interesting aspect is the meta-drag she embodies in PME, wherein she portrays a muscular black man with a gruff voice. Amazing in its effect, given that she actually *is* a muscular black man with a gruff voice.
Alan Jones: End Result was truly a band apart. Ahead of its time and unique in more ways than I can count. Alan tuned his guitar like a cello, which gave his already-free mind a new voice to play with. End Result had no drummer to keep the beat, because (in Alan's immortal words) "we think our audience can count."

Alan speaks with a delightful soft tone, and has such an easy smile that it seems unlikely that he would be responsible for such explosively jarring music. During the brief time I ran Ruthless Records, I was able to release an album by End Result, and that might be my proudest achievement from that period.

Eugene Robinson: After the dissolution of Whipping Boy, Eugene was (and is) the vocalist for the outstanding band Oxbow, and his performances bring new levels of both menace and compound absurditv to the stage. He is equally likely to be dressed as a businessman (which he is, to an extent), or buck naked. The last Oxbow show I saw (at the Beyond the Pale festival organized by Neurosis in 2001), he began the set with his ears taped shut with black gaffer tape, carrying a briefcase and wearing a suit. By the end of the show, he was a mass of sweat and tattoos in jockey shorts. I'm sure he has come to regret his choice of a "La Vida Loca" tattoo. Eugene has worked in the computer field (for Adobe) and as a writer and editor for both wrestling/extreme fighting/body building magazines and style-and-fashion magazines. He appeared as a thug in the Bill Cosby film "Leonard Part 6" and occasionally appears in rap videos as a posse member.

Skeeter Thompson: During a studio session in London, Scream was staying at the flat of Peter "Pinko" Fowler, who worked at Southern Studios and was a friend to many. As a lark, Skeeter one night began rudely propositioning neighborhood girls from the window, telling the ladies to come 'round and ask for "Pinko" for fucking. A day or so after Scream left, a committee of neighborhood men did come 'round and ask for "Pinko," telling a bewildered Mr. Fowler that he had better stop asking their sisters and daughters to fuck him if he wanted to keep the use of his legs. This episode is played-out as a homage of stage banter in the Big Black live video "Pig Pile," which was being filmed by Pinko Fowler.

Calvin "Willis" Humphrey: In 1982, I took a job as a salesman at Dean guitars. Calvin used to hang around the shop and play metal licks on all the guitars, especially delighting in playing the fancy showpiece models (Dean made guitars for the Cars and ZZ Topp, including both the fuzzy and spinning models). He had his own Dean guitar, outfitted with fancy Schaller "Imperial" tuning pegs. One day we got into a conversation about music, and he asked if I liked any metal. I said I didn't mind Motorhead, and he said "Oh yeah, they're my boys!" I only saw Zoetrope play a couple of times, and I never introduced myself, so it's doubtful he even remembers me.

Sorry: The vocalist for Sorry, Jonathan Easley, died a couple of years ago. Sorry's Radiobeat album "Imaginary Friend" is still pretty good. Guitarist Dave Kleller, Steve Weigand and Jon Williams played in Volcano Suns with Peter Prescott of Mission of Burna.

Others of note: Don Letts, early punk DJ, photographer and filmmaker, and ONO, the excellent early 1980's Chicago experimental band who played with many of the punk bands, and were friends of all the others. P. Michael and Travis were the core of the band, and their song "0 Jackie 0" got played a lot on WNUR and WZRD back in the day.

Yours,
Steve Albini, IL

Thanks for the kind words Mr. A...on another side...

you dont shit about the bad brains son.....pay closer attention ....meditate between the lines.....peep the true mystic and science of the brains and not the petty earth runnings that tend to blind all of yall lemmings ,still,,even today 03.....open your mind -not your mouth,..knucklehead.....d.jenifer

Not sure if that e-mail was really from Mr. Jenifer of Bad Brains, but in our defense, we tried to be very positive and honest about Bad Brains. By the way, our "Black Punk '76-'83" article is a staple of www.roctober.com and is continuously updated and improved, with commentary from many of the artists added when it streams in. Be sure to check it out.

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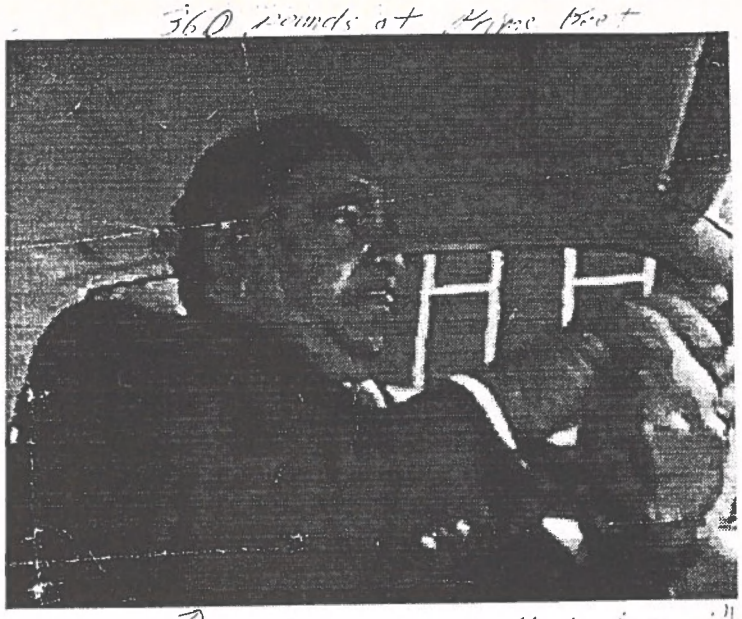


WORTHY MCCARGO JR

I think your magazine is a "Blast!" I hope you publish it a long time. I enjoyed your article on the Fat Boys. My encounter with the Human Beatbox influenced me to sing "Hip-Hop." He showed me that even if you are not physically attractive people will listen to your music if it is good.

When I met him it was after the group (Fat Boys) fame had waned. I saw him at a repair shop in Queens. He got out of a customized sports car with dark windows and an "ear splitting" boombox and entered the waiting room. It was a major effort for him to exit the car. When he came into the waiting room I was shocked to realize who it was. He wore a black leather jacket and wraparound sunglasses. He signed an autograph on a piece of paper and talked to me for a few minutes about his music and car. He talked about life on the road and the music business. The waiting room seemed much smaller after his entrance. He overlapped the chair he was sitting on!

Cordially,
Worthy McCargo, Jr, NY

Thanks for the great letter Mr. McCargo, it's great to hear that Buff Love the Human Beat Box lives on in the fans he inspired!

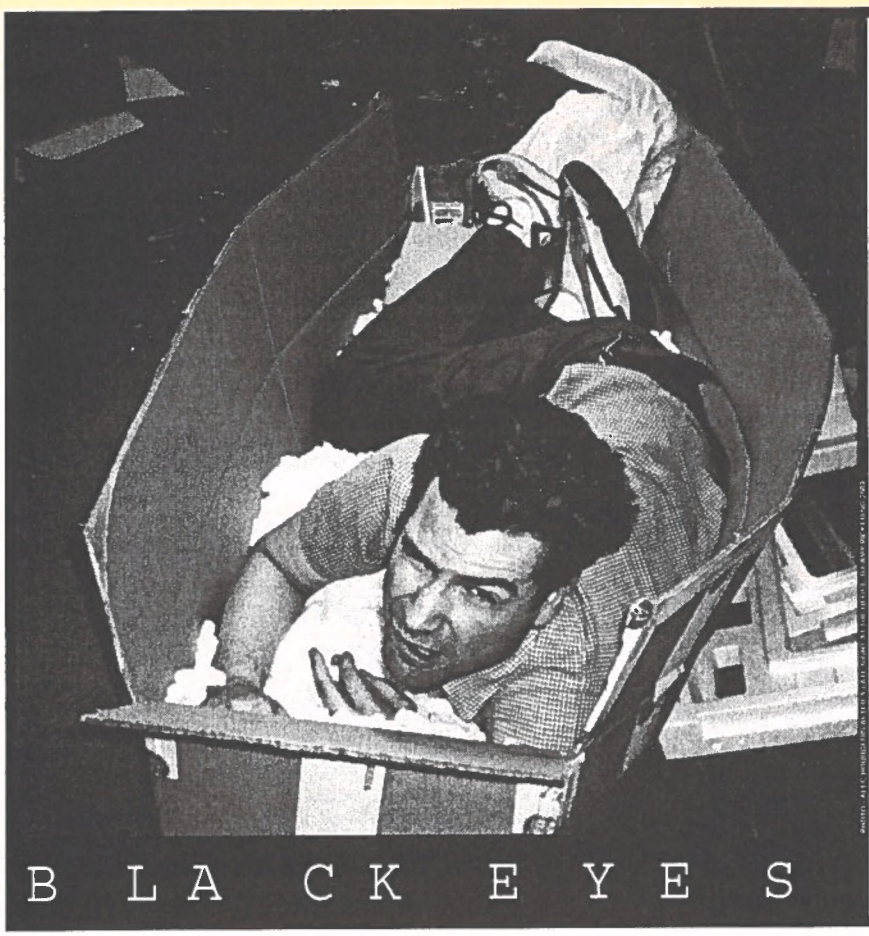
ALIVE AND WELL IN ARGENTINA AT LAST: THE MIRTH, THE MUSIC, THE MAGIC OF ZALMAN YANOVSKY by Gary Pig Gold

I know at least one of his fellow supposedly-lovin' Spoonfuls resents the situation to this day, but whenever Zal Yanovsky appeared on stage alongside John Sebastian, Joe Butler, and Steve Boone during their halcyon daze in the mid-swinging Sixties, some poor girl in the audience would inevitably capsize the entire proceedings by screeching out a heartfelt, lung-felt, 16-year-old cry of "ZALLY!" at precisely the most inopportune of moments (i.e.; just as Sebastian would sensually lean into his mic to softly croon how he didn't want to have to do it). And then, like some completely-wound-up playtoy suddenly let free to dash across the nursery floor, Zally would take this as his cue to mug wildly into the nearest camera, bouncing up and down on one or more legs, before capping it all with a toss of his trademark ten-gallon sheriff's hat high up into the lighting rig, with often quite disastrous results.

Need I say more? Zal Yanovsky was MY kinda pop star.

All such strategically-enacted cartoon antics aside however, those who weren't lucky enough to be a part of a Lovin' Spoonful audience circa 1966, nor even care to obsess today over video footage of the band easily rivaling the circus atmosphere of a typical Ed Sullivan Show, can still marvel at the cockamamie genius that was Yanovsky by listening to the guitar breaks illuminating any of the four-dozen-or-so Spoonful songs Zal contributed his peculiar, fleet-fingered artistry to. Personally speaking, five notes into that "Do You Believe In Magic" solo made ME a disciple for life, yet an absolute wealth of such four-bar flashes of quicksilver, Music City grit exist throughout the Spoonful's loving canon of good-time rock. Mr. Sebastian has frequently gone on record over how

(continued on page 39)



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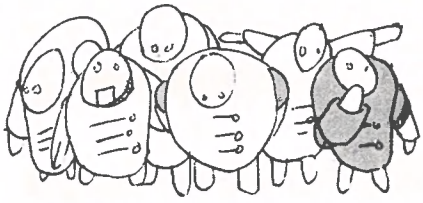

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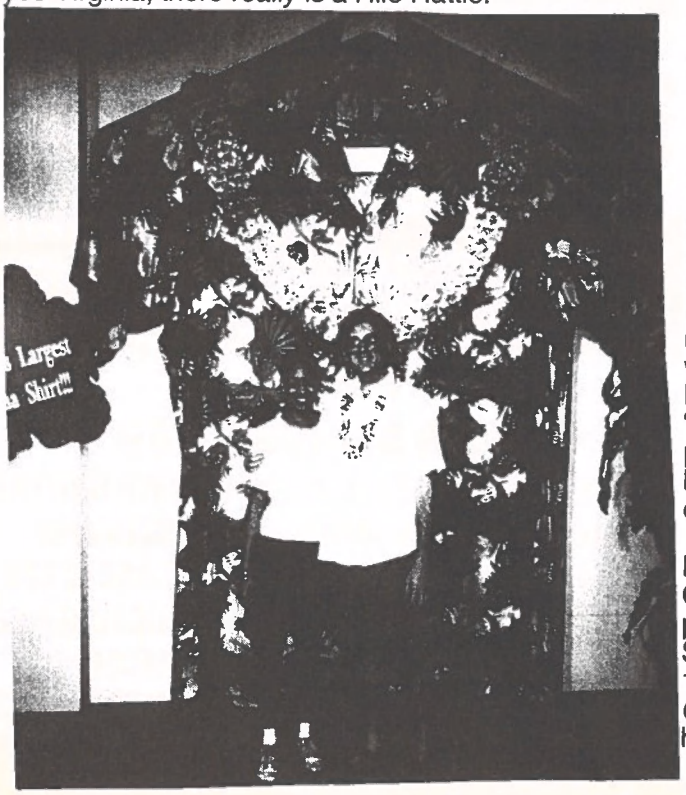
ALOHA HILO HATTIE!

The other day I sat on a train next to two young African American women discussing "The Rock" (the wrestling champ/action movie star who has Pacific Islander and African American heritage). Their conversation came to an interesting (and gender specific) conclusion. "It's a shame," one noted, "that you can't get those nice Hawaiian shirts he wears in girls' sizes."

"You can!" I rudely interrupted, and proceeded to give them info (which they received with semi-interest) on how to order on-line from the Aloha Shirt monolith that is Hilo Hattie's. Were Hilo Hattie merely the largest manufacturer of "Aloha Wear" in the world perhaps I'd be hesitant to give them free publicity. But the company certainly doesn't need it, having entered the 21st century with a bang by opening a mainland store (behind Anaheim's Orange Curtain) and by becoming the "Official Hawaiian and Resort Fashion Provider" for the now cancelled "Baywatch Hawaii." When you're putting leis on Mickey Mouse *and* David Hasselhoff you don't need my humble praises. However, my loyalty to the Hilo Hattie corporation is grounded not in their zillions of dollars in sales or their racks of well made shirts, but rather in their legendary source of "the Aloha Spirit." For unlike Big Boy, the Keebler Elves or the Pillsbury Doughboy, yes Virginia, there *really is* a Hilo Hattie!



Clarissa "Clara" Haili, was born on October 28,1901. A natural comedienne, part-time school teacher Clara performed as a hula dancer and vocalist with Louise Akeo's Royal Hawaiian Girls' Glee Club. On a tour of Canada she introduced a song that had been discarded by Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiian Orchestra after Owens dismissed it as being too lowbrow for the famed Royal Hawaiian Hotel. After phenomenal response, the song would become not only Clara's calling card, but eventually her legal name.

"When Hilo Hattie Does the Hula Hop" is a funny "*hapa haole*" (which translates as "half-white," referring to Hawaiian tunes with English lyrics) song written by Don McDiarmid, Sr. when he was a member of Owens' band. Though he would eventually become a successful composer, orchestra leader and the founder of Hula Records, in 1935 McDiarmid didn't have the juice to make his boss add the tune to his repertoire. Two years later, when McDiarmid's own band was playing the Monarch room at the Royal Hawaiian, Clara was also there performing with the Girls' Glee Club. She insisted on dancing and singing "Hilo Hattie" despite the composer's trepidation (he too thought it was too "common" for the room) and proceeded to tear up the joint, eventually being called back for five encores.

Soon Clara would adapt "Hilo Hattie" as her name and her signature look would make her one of the primary ambassadors of Hawaiian culture in the decades leading up to statehood. Though the hula is often associated with scantily clad, slim *wahinis*for much of her career Hattie's vibe was more matriarchal....though she more invoked a funny aunt than a mom. In an oversized *mu'umu'u* with a floppy *lau hala* (pandanus leaf) hat tied on her head, and barefoot, she somehow diffused many of the undercurrents of sexual conquest and fertility colonists often project on "native" women. She developed a wholesome, warm persona that made her a beloved icon throughout the islands.

Her international fame came when she joined the cast of *Hawaii Calls*, a radio show first broadcast on July 3, 1935 from the Moana Hotel in Waikiki. Hosted by Webley Edwards, the show was broadcast to over 600 radio stations and Armed Forces Radio and was heard by millions in North America, Australia, New Zealand, South America and Africa. Opening with a haunting Conch-shell trumpet blowing in the distance as surf softly hits the beach, the show invoked the magic of the islands to listeners everywhere, and was probably the single most influential source for the popularity of Hawaiian music at the time. Though there was some music performed in the Hawaiian language, the show was primarily *hapa-haole* music. Slack key guitar, Hawaiian percussion and songs like "Sweet Leilani" and "My Little Grass Shack" were introduced to the general public on *Hawaii Calls* and soon Hilo Hattie was a beloved broker of the Aloha Spirit to people the world over

Upon gaining Island and mainland prominence, Hilo Hattie was everywhere. She emceed the prominent Queen's Surf luau, did work for Easter Seals Of Hawai'i, performed at various California County Fairs (including San Diego in 1952 and Orange County from 1961-1968), and in the late 1950s appeared on the *Harry Owens And His Royal Hawaiians* TV show. Despite his initial rejection of her namesake tune, Hattie would be

a member of the controversial Owens' group for years. Descriptions of Owens' temperament may invoke visions of an Island Buddy Rich, and his claim of inventing the Mai Tai is disputed by many in the Trader Vic camp. However, (on camera, at least) he had nothing but nice things to say about Hilo Hattie. He described her over the TV waves as a woman "whose voice is like a breeze from Polynesia."

Outside of her radio work, Hilo Hattie's first prominent mainland appearance was in the 1942 Technicolor film *Song of the Islands* opposite Betty Grable and Victor Mature. The film is a celebration of Western cowboy influence on Hawaii ranching, a luxurious travelogue and one of the only pieces of Irish-Hawaiian unity propaganda I know of. Hattie is featured as Palola, Grable's childhood nurse. She sings "Hawaiian War Chant," "Cockeyed Mayor of Kaunakakai," and generally is degraded as she chases a man who's hot for a svelter *wahini*. Humor concerning her family's cannibalism abound. Watch for the inevitable St. Patrick's Day *luau*.

Collectors of Hawaiian music treasure Hilo Hattie's singles. Over the course of her musical career Hilo Hattie recorded for Decca, RCA and a number of other labels, and her songs include "South Sea Sadie," "Princess Pupule Has Plenty Papayas," "Pidgin English Hula," "My Hawaii" "Ukulele Lady" (also recorded rather well by Ethel Merman) and the inevitable "Santa's Hula." Though she was in many ways a novelty act, throughout the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s she recorded with many of the best musicians in the Hawaiian scene.

Several events in the 1960s added to the legend of Hilo Hattie. On the negative side, "Hilo Hattie" was apparently a code name for a covert military operation that helped lay the groundwork for the Viet Nam war. On the positive side, in 1961 Hilo Hattie kissed Elvis! Though not nearly as extensive as her role in "Song Of The Islands," Hattie's appearance in "Blue Hawaii" is nonetheless, extremely satisfying. The film opens with Chad's (Elvis) girlfriend (a Hawaiian/French halfbreed, to temper the King's miscegenation a bit) driving to meet his plane. She runs into Waihila (Hilo Hattie) at the airport, where Waihila is apparently a greeter, the equivalent of the women who draped you with leis were you to arrive on Fantasy Island. Hattie is striking in a huge red *mu'umu'u*, 50 pounds of leis and her signature floppy hat. What's most impressive is that she looks almost exactly the same as she did in the 1930s, with just a little wear around the edges. As the plane's hatch opens, "Chad" is making out with the stewardess, enraging the girlfriend and annoying a fat man trying to get off the plane. Hilo Hattie, in true Aloha Spirit, solves everyone's problem by giving island advice to the girlfriend, ("Be patient...some boys need time to get adjusted") and giving the fat dude a warm island greeting. In between she manages to kiss The King, who seems as excited to see her as he is his lady. Hilo Hattie doesn't appear again in the movie (she wasn't invited to the wedding?) but does garner 10th billing and got the most out of her cameo. That's what I call Taking Care of Business In A Flash!

As the 1960s turned to the 1970s Hilo Hattie managed to work her way into the last frontier of Hawaiian popular culture left for her to conquer: she appeared on *Hawaii 5-0*! In 1968 she helped get the legendary show afloat by portraying a suspect's mom who gets grilled by McGarrett in the second episode, "Strangers in Our Own Land," which actually dealt with colonial exploitation of Island natives. In 1970 in the episode, "The Late John Louisiana," she played Mrs. Pruitt, a suspect's neighbor. Interestingly enough, for a woman whose name would one day be synonymous with Hawaiian shirts, this episode prominently features the now derided early 70s Aloha Shirt style, with contrasting collar and cuffs.

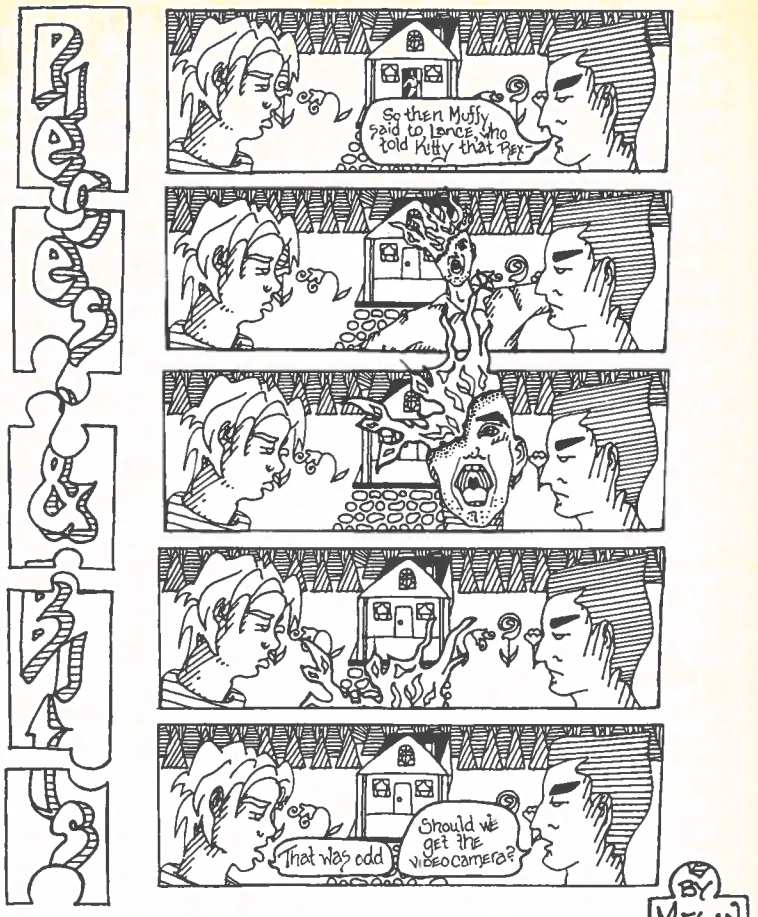
The 1970s would prove to be the decade in which Hilo Hattie would gain immortality by both passing from the mortal world to the heavenly and by making the transformation from human being to corporate entity. In 1978 she was the first winner of the Sidney Grayson Award, for lifetime achievement at the Na Hoku Hanohano Awards. The "Hokus" are Hawaii's version of the Grammys. The next year, at age 77, Hilo Hattie died. However, before leaving the earthly paradise of the islands for otherworldly paradise, she cut a deal that would make her name live on as long as tourists dig pineapples. Kaluna Hawaii Sportswear, already a million dollar business, expanded that year by purchasing a manufacturing plant in Hilo. At the same time, in a move that doubtlessly brought the Island Spirit to their side, they bought the rights to Hilo Hattie's name and took it as their company's new moniker.

Founded by Jim Romig in 1963, Kaluna Hawaii Sportswear was a successful business, catering to thrifty tourists with the alluring promise, "Home of the $3.95 Aloha Shirt." Since taking on her name, the company, has provided Hilo Hattie scholarships to the University of Hawaii in Hawaiian studies and music. The real honor they have given her, though, is assuring that her name will be on the lips and her store part of the trips of every tourist passing through the isles.

At their main store on Oahu you are not only greeted with complimentary juice and a shell lei, but also with the largest Aloha Shirt in the world, a floral fabric monstrosity that would fit someone about halfway in size between Andre The Giant and Godzilla. At that point one would be satisfied without even entering the store, but once you step in you get to see literally hundreds of different styles of Aloha shirts made out of some of the most amazing textile designs you've ever seen. Though there are a number of high-end silk shirts by other designers, the heart of the collection is the Hilo Hattie line, mostly all cotton, some with real carved coconut buttons, priced between $30 and $40. Every island theme you can think of is incorporated in the designs, so you can wear ukuleles, palm trees, grass shacks, hula girls, cocktails, island maps, conch shells, surfboards, and hibiscus flowers to your heart's delight.

The best part, however, is that the Hilo patterns are available in all sizes, and in *mu'umu'us*, mini-dresses, and long dresses. Thus the fashionable traveling couple can wear the always-classy matching outfits! If only they hadn't gotten out at the next stop I could have told the girls on the train that tidbit, intimating that it might be possible if they ever date "The Rock" to wear matching duds! Better yet, I should have told them the tale of the woman whose voice was a breeze from Polynesia. If her charms can't sway you, then you are *not* the type of person I want to eavesdrop on and harass on public transportation!

If you want to stay in the hula groove check out **hilohattie.com and hawaiian-music.com**



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REVOLUTION ROCKER

by Madeline Bocaro

Joe Strummer is dead. Another soldier lost in the ongoing war against bad music. If Joey, Dee Dee, Sid, Johnny and all the others are assembling a rock n' roll army in heaven, now they have a leader. Joe was the Rebel General making revolution rock, dropping leaflets over the crowd. A punk politician, appointed by himself, supported by the youth, always speaking for the underdog. I remember an old Clash t-shirt that said, "Guns For The Afghan Rebels!" He knew how urgent the situation was back then. Whereas John & Yoko preached love peace with their bed-ins, Joe and the Clash presented the ugliness of hate and war, inciting the youth to rise up, take notice and fight injustice.

As kids, we didn't understand much of his political ramblings (from "Spanish Bombs" to " Bullets"), but the Clash were always very powerful and looked so militant that you had to take them seriously. There were no other serious punk bands. Punk was about apathy, and was sometimes deliberately clownish, sometimes violent. The Clash were sympathetic to the kids and gave them hope. They were "old school" and seemed much more cultured. They brandished their low-slung guitars like tommy guns. Their look was combat/punk and their stance was ultra cool.

Joe would talk to the kids backstage for hours. He was somewhat of a professor. Joe was the white man in Hammersmith Palais watching all the reggae bands early on. (He was even presented with the placard from the old venue, which is now closed). The Clash introduced Grandmaster Flash to the masses as their opening band. They were hip to the beginnings of hip-hop at street level. They played the old 45's "Shotgun" and "I Fought The Law," Motown, Sun's vintage rockabilly, and reggae records to warm up the crowds before their live gigs. They turned us on to new things, new rhythms, old rhythms; "roots, rock, reggae."

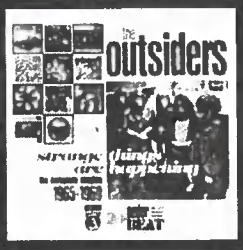
The sellout shows at Bond's on Broadway in New York City doubled the number of gigs to accommodate oversold tickets. We were there almost every night, and at the matinees. It was like a dream; a fantastic two-week long dream. The crowd-control cops came on horseback, expecting riots but there were none. Just thousands of cool kids who came to see "the only band that matters," as they were once billed.

We'll never forget their 2-hour long shows, how loud and fast and commanding they were live, and the unity we all felt in knowing we had witnessed true greatness. They were really nice guys; inviting fans backstage, sneaking them in the stage door, giving advice and encouraging them to start bands of their own.

Now, twenty- five years after the fact, the Clash will be in the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame. Twenty-five years too late. Only a few weeks too late for Strummer to receive his reward, for whatever it's worth, if anything.

Another great one is gone. Another great band to listen to with teary eyes as our hearts resonate with the power and glory of what they once were, and always will be. Another dearly departed artist who still had so much more to say, and will never know the outpouring of gratitude and praise he now receives from all over the world. He has unquestionably earned this badge of honour.

the outsiders



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Quote from Unknown Legends Of Rock 'n' Roll by Richie Unterberger

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NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE VERSUS SNOOP DOGG!

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Snoop: My name is big Snoop Dogg and I'm the king of the West Coast, if you don't know, you do now, bow wow.

Snoop, you're here in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, and we'd like to give you a little welcome to our house. Here ya go, a little present for ya. [gives Snoop a cat-like black ashtray]

Hey man, good-looking man, that's cool, the black panther. That's what I am a black panther, can you believe it?

It's a little cat to go play with the dogs.

[laughs] I can dig it man, I got a cat at home named Frank Sinatra. A little white cat with blue eyes, he's going to love this right here. Now ya got a little black homeboy.

Snoop, you love Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Do you have a house here in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada?

Um, naw, not yet, but I got a lot of friends out here that always make it feel like home out here so I look at Vancouver as a home away from home. People out here treat me with so much love and...just a beautiful situation. I can breath clearly over here, you dig?

I wish you could tell that to Steve Francis. He thought the only good thing about Vancouver was cheap CD's, what's up with that, eh?

I mean he didn't give it a chance, you know what I'm saying? I came out here and gave it a chance, when I shot my movie, "Bones," followed up and shot a couple videos out here. Fell in love with the people, the community, just the whole vibe, you know what I'm sayin'? The only thing I got a problem with is Customs, but now they're starting to treat me a little bit better.

Now speaking of Customs, you did this movie, Snoop with Tommy Chong. *[hands "The Wash" Cd booklet to Snoop]*

Yeah, "The Wash." Tommy Chong had a cameo in there where he actually sold me a few things. Um, it was a pleasure to work with him because I grew up watching Cheech and Chong.

And he lives in Vancouver too.

That's a good thing, that's my main man. Tommy Chong.

Does Tommy still smoke?

Um, I don't know, I can't say if he does or if he didn't, you know. You'd have to ask him that [laughs].

Snoop Dogg, the last time I was talking to you, you were really excited to see my Redd Foxx doll, you almost tried to buy it off me. In fact you took my Whispers record. Now I think it's totally amazing, you have your own doll!

Ya, that's real talk, it's called Little Jr, that's the name of my doll. You can go to vitaltoys.com, if you'd like to see it before it comes out. It's actually a replica of Snoop Dogg. The way I'm standin' right here is the way he's standing. He can move like me, he can do just about anything except talk, but he can do it all. His name is Little Jr. Hit us up at vitaltoys.com if you wanna check it out.

Now, Snoop Dogg, some other people have done some Snoop Dogging. Check this out, this is—*[hands Snoop a picture of a Snoop Dogg puppet]*

What the hell is that?

This is a Snoop Dog marionette!

Oh that's Sharp. Ted [Snoop's A&R/ Marketing man] you see this?

This is a Snoop Dogg marionette.

Ted: Cool

This is a Snoop Dogg marionette made by some dudes from the BBC in Scotland.

That's dope right there. Can I get one of em?

I need to take one of 'em home man, that's slick. That's dope, I like that.

Now I was curious there, Snoop, you're here in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, you know, we're talking here a bit about dolls and puppets and stuff, you're here for the Muppet Christmas!

Yeah , "A Very Special Muppet Christmas," that's what I was hired to do today, to shoot that. I was, you know, very excited about the opportunity to do it, you know because I grew up loving the Muppets. I got three kids at home that still love the Muppets like I do and it's a good thing that I can come out here and interact with a program that's so, you know, targeted towards the kids, you know what I mean? I love y'all.

Snoop you're so versatile! You can do porno and you can do the Muppets, that's incredible Snoop!

That's what I say, um, my fan base is from 5 to about 65. It's a real thing.

Snoop, what's the best Muppet to work with? Who's the nicest Muppet to work with?

Umm...either Miss. Piggy or Kermit, one of the two, but I had fun with all of them today. Janice, Ralph, Teeth. Um, pssssht, I mean, I had a great time. I can't even lie to you. They really turned me on today, man. I really fell in love with the Muppets all over again.

Are you going to be able to rap with the Count at all?

Snoop: You never know. He's cool. The Count is real cool. He's real pimpish, you know what I'm sayin' ? With his collar up, poppin' that collar one time, Jack.

Now going back for the history of the Muppets, there is Roosevelt Franklin. Do you remember Roosevelt Franklin?

I remember Roosevelt, he wasn't on the set today, but I sure remember him.

Are there any Black Muppets on the set?

Well, I think I was the only black Muppet on the set, you know what I'm sayin. I put the flavor in the game today. So, I mean, you know, it's a good thing. The Muppets is green, orange, purple, brown, you know, you got a whole bunch of colors, they just a special situation, they still alive. Jim Henson, you was a genius for creating that.

You are Snoop Dogg in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Do you remember Roscoe Orman , he played Gordon on Sesame Street.

Yeah he was sharp, he was real slick. I remember that. I remember Big Bird, the Cookie Monster, you know what I'm sayin, I'm down with all of that.

'Cause he also did the movie, "Willie Dynamite," so he was a player and on Sesame Street, the Muppets, just like you there, Snoop.

Willie Dynamite, that's strange you said that. One of my artists, Soopafly, his album is called "Willie Dynamite." I mean, we love "Willie Dynamite," that was a helluva pimp movie. Goes down in history. Roscoe was sharp on Sesame Street and for him to make that movie, do that, just shows that you can do what you want to do if you're wide range like that.

Now, I gotta ask you Snoop Dogg, what do the Muppets think about endo?

Uh, we didn't talk about endo, but I mean we shot it in Vancouver, B.C., so I'm pretty sure they're aware.

I mean, you look at Kermit, he's pretty green and you got a new green car, so do you think Kermit is down with it there Snoop Doggy Dog?

Snoop: You never know, you'd have to ask him. Snoop Doggy Dogg, Kermit the Frog, bow wow.

Snoop Doggy Dogg, is this the ultimate way to get high? What can you tell the people about this, right here? *[hands Snoop a Talkbox]*

This is umm, it looks like a vaporizer, but it might be the Talkbox that Roger Troutman used to use but at the same time, Animal, from the Muppets, he had one in his mouth on the set today, getting his thing on with it. So it might be, you never know.

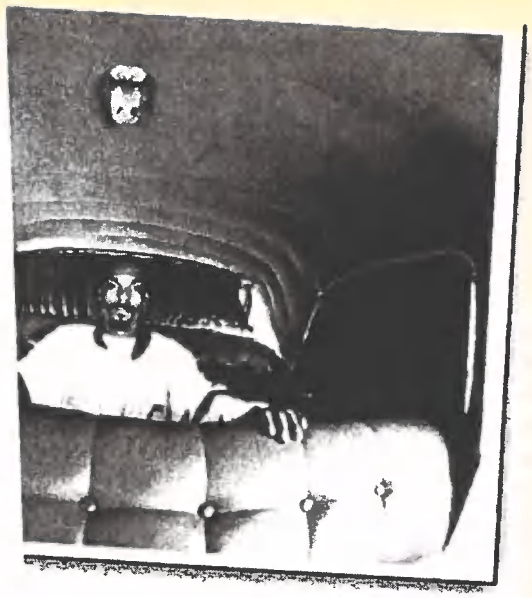
That's what it is, it's a Talkbox, Snoop---

[in reference to all the things Nardwuar has been putting in Snoop's hands] You must think I am stronger than the Muppets. You keep putting shit in my hands.

[laughing] Snoop what's the importance here, Snoop, of the band Zapp and Roger Troutman? *[hands Snoop a Zapp record]*

Well, the importance of Zapp and Roger Troutman was, they were a part of this funk movement, extended at putting the game by Boosty Collins and George Clinton, you know, coming from the product of James Brown, the king of funk, the godfather of funk, the godfather of soul. So I mean Zapp was another branch to the funk tree, just like I'm funked. You know what I'm sayin, I am a branch of the funk tree. It was a part of the game that needs to be spread out and it spread out and you know, bred people like myself. It's a good thing. Roger Troutman, rest in peace.

Snoop Doggy Dogg, I think it's great that you can work with the old school rockers right here. *[hands Snoop the "Undercover Brother" CD Booklet]* **You working here with Bootsy Collins, Snoop Doggy Dog, that is amazing! And Fred Wesley!**



[imitating Bootsy Collin's voice] "Bootzilla baba." I mean, I'm a part of the funk train, you dig what I'm talking about, I mean I'm before my time, man in a real way I think I'm a throw back. I go back with all of the old school acts and I can make things for the new school people as well. But you know being able to work with Bootsy, Fred Wesley, George Clinton and all those great artists form back in yesteryear, it's a beautiful situation and I'm glad that they accept me for who I am and let me continue to drive the mothership connection to the funkmillenium baby.

Now winding up here, Snoop Doggy Dogg, do you think you ever will make a comedy record, maybe like Richard Pryor? *[hands a copy of Richard Pryor's "Supernigger" Album to Snoop]*

Supernigger! You know what, I got a character I'm making called Supernigger. I need to get this album. Thanks. *[Snoop then throws the record to Ted]*

No, not again Snoop! You're stealing my stuff!

I ain't stealing it, I'm taking it!

No, no no no no! You just realized that there was a record in there! *[Nardwuar usually brings record sleeves, minus the vinyl]* **and actually, Snoop, Blowfly, what can you tell the people about Blowfly?** *[hands Snoop a Blowfly LP]* **DJ Quik is down with Blowfly.**

Me too. "Rap Dirty," "Blowfly's Convoy," "Electronic Pussy," what else is on here? "Sesame Street," "Batman Sign," "One Less Dick," "Tom Jones Show." Blowfly is a legend man. Him and Rudy Ray Moore, they had records back in the days, they used to be at my house and they used to be up under the component set and our mom's would leave and I'd slap 'em on and listen to what they say to and just have a ball listening to them, man. This is another record I'm taking from you.

Actually there is no vinyl record in that one.

I just need the cover.

Ba-boom, because you are Snoop Doggy Dogg! Now Snoop Doggy Dogg, lastly, I want to talk about your brand new record, "Welcome To Tha House." Now tell us about the "Girls Gone Wild" section of the CD.

Um, the "Girls Gone Wild" section of the CD, that's something I did with Joe Francis, the creator of "Girls Gone Wild" and he just puts the freakness in your weakness you know what I'm talking 'bout. It's a good

thing that we can mix the both of them up and make it happen like that. Y'all go and get it, "Girls Gone Wild, Doggy Style," when it hits your store, real soon.

Have you ever heard of the movie, "Meet The Feebles," at all?

Yeah, you know what? I seen that movie, late night, one night. I heard that the guy who directed uh…

Lord Of The Rings!

Yeah, I heard he did it and when I seen it, I told one of my artists I was like, man Mr. Kane, you have to see this movie, this shit is so off the hook with these Muppet-like characters and they were shootin' and having sex and just being so real, it was like, a crazy movie to me. I actually bought the movie and I watched it and I watched it and I watched it and I feel like that's a classic movie that people really need to know about.

It's like the X-Rated version of the Muppets isn't it?

The shit is hot.

And you are kind of like the ghetto Steven Spielberg, aren't you there, Snoop?

Nah, I'm the ghetto uh, Martin Scorsese.

Did you win awards for your porno?

Yeah I won two awards, two AVN awards. I won the top seller adult video of 2001 and then I won the best music in an adult video.

Snoop Doggy Dogg, what about your theme park? Is there going to be a theme park? A Snoop Doggy Dogg theme park?

Yes, I'm trying to create a park right now called Doggy Land, where we'll have a lot of rides and fun-filled things for the kids as well as the adults. Just trying to get it together and find the right location, so be on the lookout for it.

Snoop Doggy Dogg, here we are at the end of the interview and you're walking away with my stuff again!

I mean, it's like taking candy from a baby. You're such a nice guy.

Remember last time you took my Whispers record, and remember the Redd Foxx doll?

Yeah, that shit was dope. I had a great time taking it from you too.

[laughs]

I never stole something so easy before.

Well I didn't give you the Redd Foxx doll last time. You took the Whispers record, whatever happened to that?

It's at my house getting spinned right now. I love the Whispers, I grew up on them. You know how it is, when you see something you grew up on and you ain't see it in a long time. [Sings] You just got to have it. I got to have this.

And now you're taking my Blowfly and Richard Pryor records!

Look. Up in the sky! It's a bird, it's a plane! [in deep voice] No, it's Supernigger and Blowfly!

Stealing stuff from Nardwuar the Human Serviette.

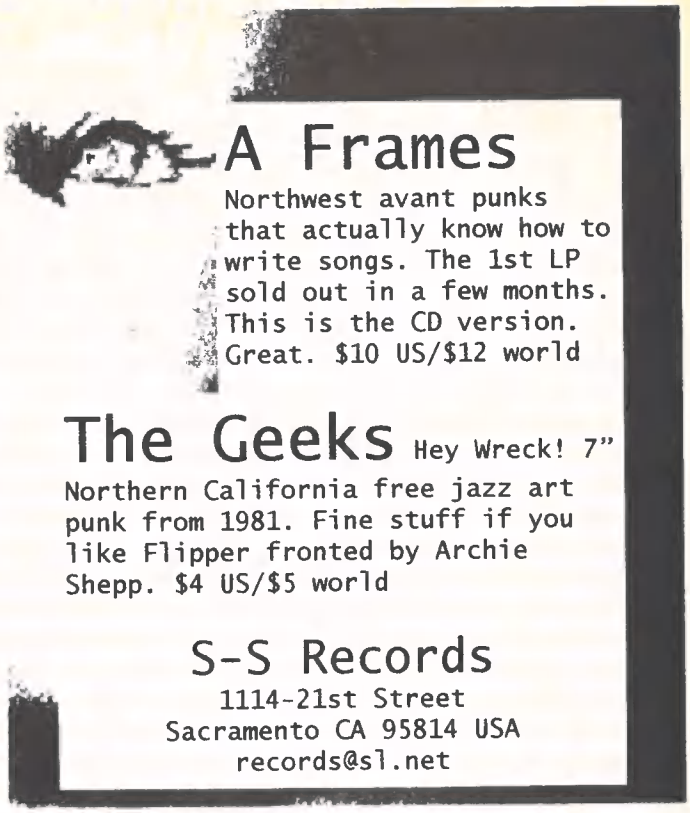
I got to do it.

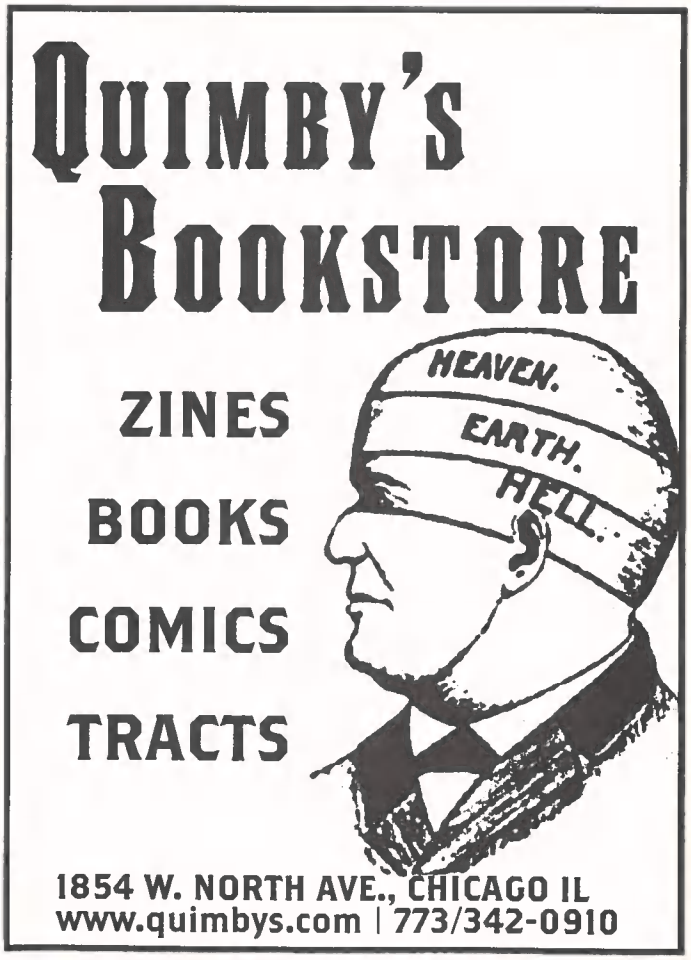
Well thanks so much Snoop Doggy Dogg. Really appreciate your time anything else you'd like to add to the people out there?

Thank y'all for supporting me for so many years, you know what I'm saying, it's true you can do what you wanna do if you keep God first and just believe in yourself. Um, I'm a proven example of that. I'm going to continue to make good music for those who love and support me. Y'all keep doing what y'all do, while I do what I do. LBC, I love ya. Chuch.

Snoop Doggy Dogg, thanks very much. Keep on rocking in the free world and doot doola doot doo…

Doot doo. [laughs] *Note: A few weeks after this interview took place Snoop's appearance in "A Very Special Muppet Christmas" was cut out. Apparently a special interest group led by TV talk show host Bill O'Reilly pressured producers of the special to axe Snoop, because his "controversial image is not suited for children."*





JUMP, JIVE & GRIMACE

LOUIS PRIMA & KEELY SMITH ON ED SULLIVAN

By Edmund Graye

Keeping in mind that the Beatles were a one-time deal, it was an accepted fact that there were only two acts whose billing automatically boosted the ratings of the perennially popular *Ed Sullivan Show*. The first was, of course, Elvis Presley. The other act may not be the first name you think of after The King's, but as the 50s drew to a close Sullivan spotlighted a group that was at their white hot peak of popularity, bridging the gap between the Pop vocalist and Rock and Roll eras perhaps better than any other. This group was the legendary Louis Prima and Keely Smith featuring Sam Butera and the Witnesses.

Louis Prima had no right being as popular as he was in the late 50s considering how long he'd been in the spotlight. Born in 1910 Prima's horn playing and magnetic stage personality made him a star attraction in his native New Orleans by the end of the 1920s. In the 1930s his style, a bombastic version of Satchmo's trumpet presence mixed with Cab Calloway's comic vocals, landed him movie roles and made him one of the most flavorful figures of the big band era. As the big bands fell out of favor in the 1940s Prima scaled down the act. He brought more focus to the interplay between his wild antics and girl singer, Lily Ann Carroll, who acted as the straight woman. When 16 year old Keely Smith took over that role in 1948 the chemistry was right, but there wasn't much of an audience. That all changed in 1954, shortly after Prima made the now legal Keely his fourth wife. The Sahara in Vegas took a chance on them, and soon with the dynamic sax player Sam Butera added to the mix, they became a bonafide sensation drawing tremendous crowds and seeing their price skyrocket.

As a national audience for the act grew and recording opportunities arose, the seasoned Prima made his own unusual rules. He did very little press, insisting on approval of all articles and (rare) interviews. He also limited the bands' TV appearances, making the Sullivan guest shots all the more exciting. Louis and Ed had a longstanding professional relationship. Sullivan boasted that young Louis' first ever stint on a Broadway stage was in one of his reviews, and he'd had Prima make low key appearances on the show in the late 1940s and early 1950s when things were slim. When Louis, Keely, Sam and Co. returned to The Ed Sullivan Theater in 1959, however, they were on top of the world. They had won a Grammy for their smash hit "That Old Black Magic" (a record typical of their rockin' style which combined their trademark shuffle rhythm with a wild scat attack) and they were breaking attendance records at the Copacabana. They were, to quote Ed, "The #1 attraction in show business."

Any fan of dynamic performance and great music would eagerly appreciate their Sullivan appearances, as they no doubt capture a great act at its pinnacle. But the most amazing, unique and original thing about the performances was Keely Smith's presence. Certainly the idea of a "straight man," someone doing deadpan, wasn't new, but I think it's safe to say no one did it like Keely Smith. While much is said about the magic of the swinging music of Louis and the crew, I think Keely's bizarre, confounding, incredible stage demeanor is worth examining at greater length.

On May 10th 1959 Ed Sullivan had the curtain open on an entire band engaged in a wild, kinetic, bouncing, hooting, scatting, blowout...except for Keely Smith. She stands to Louis' right, wearing an extravagant, sexy evening gown. She is in a casual yet elegant position, a ballerina at rest. Her head is tilted away from the action and her face is bored, expressionless, her eyes totally ignoring the wild rompings. During Louis' horn solo the camera cuts to a close up of Keely and she is stunningly beautiful. Her trademark jet-black bob-&-bangs haircut frames her remarkable features. Her dramatic cheekbones, sculpted eyebrows and parted, elegant lips all seem to direct attention to her big, soulful eyes, eyes that seem to be halfway between vacant with boredom and focused with disdain. It's a look often seen on the face of a beautiful woman who doesn't have time for the bullshit that comes her way, but on Keely it doesn't seem to be born of being stuck-up or bitchy. It more conveys a world-weariness of someone who's been through it all. When Louis walks past her she rolls her eyes away from him and acts annoyed, only coming animated to cross her eyes and mock him when he pokes at or bothers her.

Mind you, there's no doubt this is shtick. She's framed perfectly, she never misses a cue for backup singing, and she's clearly doing the same thing she does every night. But something here elevates this beyond its design. Certainly the deadpan act has been done before, as has the fed up wife. But something about Keely's demeanor makes it so real - so palpable - that you're amazed an act can find success when one of the components is the conveyance of seemingly genuine disgust, disinterest and even hatred for her husband's buffoonery.

The shtick had developed naturally years earlier when the act was doing five shows a night in the wee hours in Vegas. With nothing to do in the first 30 minutes of the set on a tiny stage Smith would study the crowd and become deep in thought. When Louis came over and pulled at her skirt, breaking her concentration she'd shoot him an evil eye and the crowd loved it. Also, some of the comic chemistry between them was originally developed to play up on the absurd age difference. Earlier club footage from when she was in her teens and he was around 40 show her patting him on the arm as if to say, "That's OK honey, it happens to everyone." By 1959, though, that dynamic in no way exists. On the one hand, it's hard to question the virility of that husky Italian ball of energy bouncing around the stage, and on the other, Keely's eyes betray any trace of youth or innocence. This is a WOMAN, not a girl, and she's nobody's fool.

Yes, the deadpan act is clearly a "bit," but she does a number of things that remove it from stage fakery, most prominently, "the nose rub." Every so often Keely just scratches her nose, and that seems so unstaged that it brings everything, including her icy demeanor, into the realm of reality in a way that's hard to dismiss. Even this is obviously choreographed to some degree, as Louis mocks her by imitating it just as she does it, but it still has its effects.

When she comes centerstage to do her vocal, Keely's amazing, clear, expressive voice isn't at all betrayed by her joyless face. She sings with her arms crossed in front of her, and she rubs the side of her nose again during the song. She accepts applause with a bow, but no smile.

For the big finale (Ed gave them 10 minutes or so to do a truncated version of the whole act) they do "I've Got You Under My Skin," as a duet, and here they start interacting. She does some Italian hand gestures to make fun of his ethnicity, goofily mimics his bouncing around the stage to make fun of his talent and then, unbelievable for TV in the 50s, mockingly makes the sign of the cross to make fun of his religion. All the while she never smiles. He playfully comes back at her with American Indian insults (her paternal grandparents were Cherokee) and finally a smile crosses her lips. She does an irreverent Kingfish (from *Amos and Andy*) impersonation, and they end it all with arms around each other, holding hands and smiling. Clearly all is well in Primaland, but the dramatic interpretation of marital strife was nothing short of magnetic, and remarkably never even bordered on being uncomfortable...for some reason it made you love them more.

A week later (May 17 1959) they were back on the show, with Keely wearing a shinier, clingier dress that showed off her curves. As Louis sings "Just A Gigolo," Sam and Keely stand on either side of him singing backup. Everyone is moving and swaying except for her, as she refuses to look at her husband, occasionally rubbing her nose or adjusting her dress. As she takes her bored position in the back Louis sidles up to her and dances his heart out, then in dramatic pantomime he dismisses her like she's a real drag when she doesn't join in.

They couple up centerstage for a song, and when they duet their voices sound amazing together. After a little while she starts messing with his face and almost bouncing around, and it seems that she actually wants to smile. In fact, at the song's end she genuinely responds to the applause. Then she takes her bored position again and it's back to business. Everyone else starts doing elaborate choreography, with Louis dancing around like one of the Peanuts kids in *A Charlie Brown Christmas*, but she doesn't move a muscle. When he dances over to her she shoots him a glare.

Then she has a solo singing to an unseen baby in a carriage and we see a variation on her harsh stage character. Her singing is incredibly serious and sincere, her interest in the baby genuine...yet it all maintains an aura of joylessness. At the end of her lovely, tender song *LOUIS PRIMA JUMPS OUT OF THE CARRIAGE IN A BABY BONNET* and you start to see where she's coming from with this annoyance thing!

They end with "Old Black Magic," and they mess with each other, her matching his mugging face for face, all the while scratching her hair or nose. At the end an amazing thing happens: as she's making fun of

Italian gestures and pretending to be a priest blessing him, she turns towards the microphone and starts to cross herself again. Louis totally grabs her hands and turns it into a makeshift embrace to stop her blasphemy. Maybe it *wasn't* all rehearsed?

June 5th 1960 saw them back in New York and on the show. They open with "When You're Smiling," which of course she is not. In a low-cut glimmering dress, Keely has by this point developed her deadpan into something that conveys genuine ennui, perhaps even hatred. She rubs her chin, and looks like she's almost picking her nose. She tries to find something interesting in the lights. Crossing her legs, she seems genuinely sad when she looks down at the floor. She rolls her eyes when Louis gets excited. When he puts his head on her shoulder she stretches her neck away recoiling. When he's crawling on the floor, she acts like she's going to crush his fingers with her high heels. Basically, she's on fire.

Keely Smith continues to invent new ways to reinvent the deadpan, and to turn *The Bickersons* into a devastating mime act. She sings with her arms hanging at her side uncomfortably. She cracks her knuckles. Her icy face is momentarily betrayed by her warm voice, but when he sings his verse she cleans her teeth with her tongue.

The old impotency act is revived when, after he dances around like an energetic fool, she quips, "I wish he was *really* like that." The rest of the act we've seen, her doing the Italian gestures and calling him, Luigi. By the end they're dancing together a bit and all seems well. Again, one is left not knowing exactly what the hell she's doing, but positive that it's one of the most original acts ever.

On June 12th 1960 the act returned to the Sullivan show. Keely's variation on the deadpan seemed looser and more joyous this time. In her sexy black cocktail gown she's actually leaning back on the piano with both elbows, legs crossed and looking away. But within a minute Louis comes over and playfully hits her elbow miming for her to get into it. The next thing you know she's mocking his stage moves by dancing like a monkey, and then she's *skipping* up front to do her singing. This IS the act now, with her and him both up front. The crowds love Louis *and* Keely, so they both need to be centerstage doing their thing together. And it genuinely feels warm, she even looks at him at one point with her big, beautiful eyes riveted and genuinely interested in him, something she wouldn't have betrayed a year earlier. Now instead of the bizarro silent treatment they just keep singing and insulting each other. She pretends to pray like a silly Catholic and calls him Luigi. He calls her an Indian and turns the impoten joke around by saying, "I wish *she* was really like that," when she acts spirited. This is the part of the act that everyone accused Sonny and Cher of stealing (although Keely was a lot closer to "Half Breed" than Cher). Of course, Keely doesn't let the more "up" vibe completely remove her from the genuine weirdness she exudes. At one point during the rave up ending of, "I Got You Under My Skin" she scratches her chest. Who has to scratch their chest? Is that supposed to represent him under her skin?

But let the mysteries stay unsolved; it was nice to see them just banter well rehearsed shtick like the following....

LP: I'm afraid some day you'll leave me, can we still be friends?

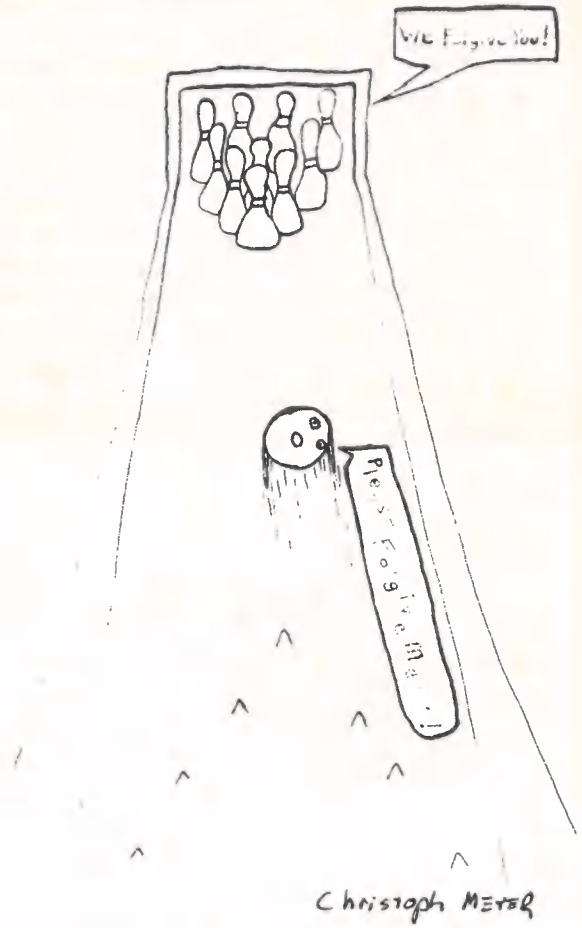
KS: If you leave me you'll groove me...grieve me...

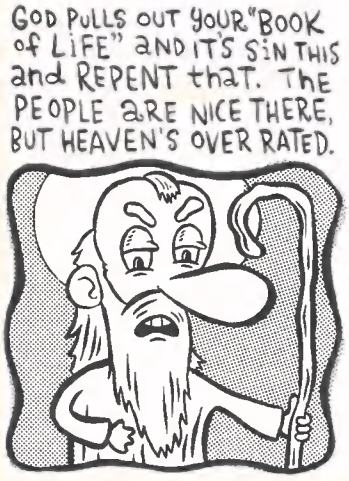
Unfortunately that particular shtick apparently held more truth than the loving play between them seemed to. When he appeared on Sullivan on October 14th 1962 it was with a new girl singer, Gia Maionne. Though Keely loved him deeply, Louis had begun fucking up, and his drinking, gambling and philandering led to a divorce that was the undoing of the Prima Empire. The public wanted Louis and Keely and amongst other things, a 3 million-dollar Vegas contract was lost when they broke up. Though Maionne (who would eventually become Mrs. Prima #5) is doing her best on Sullivan, she can't help smiling the whole time like Doris Day. When she stands with the fellas singing, they look like the Ink Spots, a very normal act, as undefiant as can be. When she stares at Louis (and not away from him) she looks at him as an enamored, scared, amazed girl trying to keep up. The magic simply wasn't there.

The public still liked Keely, however, and her solo recording career yielded more success. Over the decades she has maintained not only her remarkable voice, but her looks as well...and the same hairdo. As she's toured and performed her fantastic new recordings she has not revived the harsh, powerful stance of icy boredom that helped make the original act a sensation (though she did scratch her chest last time I saw her). Perhaps without Prima around nothing inspires such powerful inner feelings.

However, she never has a bad word to say about him to this day, and her love for him is still obvious. And though Prima died in 1978 his magic has continued to inspire the younger generations since. Kids growing up in the 1970s were subliminally infected with the Prima bug when he did his act in cartoon form as an animal in Walt Disney's "The Jungle Book." In the 1980s, when he was at the peak of his fame, David Lee Roth revived Prima's style and arrangement of "Just A Gigolo." And the 1990s swing revival movement was as much fueled by Mr. Prima as Mr. Setzer. So it seems that greatness will rise and rise, and certain rock solid styles will never die. But along the way there are also less quantifiable enchantments that may never, and perhaps can never, be recreated. Keely Smith's stage presence was one of those enchantments.

an HONEST MAN
EXCUSE ME, MISS- YOUR HAIR SMELLS GOOD!
WHAT KIND OF SHAMPOO DO YOU USE? I'D LIKE TO GET SOME MYSELF AND JUST SMELL IT AND SMELL IT ALL NIGHT
GRRRR!
HEY! HEY!
C4MPFIRE@yahoo.com
DON'T LEAVE YET... I HAVEN'T EVEN MEMORIZED WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!!
HOW AM I GONNA MASTER-BATE?!
Roysdon


We Forgive You!
Please forgive me...
Christoph MEYER


GOD PULLS OUT YOUR "BOOK of LIFE" AND IT'S SIN THIS and REPENT that. THE PEOPLE ARE NICE THERE, BUT HEAVEN'S OVER RATED.

AT FIRST SATAN'S ALL "KISS MY BLOODY CLAW- BURN, BURN FOR ETERNITY." BUT ONCE HE GET'S TO KNOW YOU SATAN'S A PRETTY COOL GUY.

O.K. HELL IT IS!
GREAT CHOICE! THE T.V. RECEPTION'S WAY BETTER DOWN THERE!
C4MPFIRE@yahoo.com

HEY-SHOULD I STOP and PICK UP SOME SUMMER CLOTHES?
DON'T WORRY about it. THEY'VE GOT a GAP® on EVERY CORNER.

THE BAD BAD DOLEMITE ...LAID BACK?

RUDY RAY MOORE
Interviewed by John Battles

Rudy Ray Moore, also known as Dolemite, spent the better part of the last half century making underground comedy, music and movies that broke boundaries for raunchiness and brought the grit of street toasts to record players, eight-track machines, CD systems, movie screens, VCRs, DVD players and nightclubs big and small. Over the last year or so things have been pretty dynamic for Dolemite, as the Player's Balls and Black clubs he usually performs at have been supplemented with a European tour, a Las Vegas booking, and (thanks to some recent music CDs of new material and 50s R&B reissues) hip Rock & Roll clubs. And perhaps most surprisingly he made an appearance on Roctober Production's own children's dance show, "Chic-A-Go-Go!" Gentleman John Battles caught up with the Bad bad Dolemite not long after that historic appearance"

JOHN: Your recent appearance on "Chic-A-Go-Go" was the biggest thing that ever happened on that show! Best of all, you were great with the kids. Have you thought about doing any more "G-rated" forms of entertainment on the side?

RUDY: I've thought of that. I did have one called "Jokes For Church-Going Folks." I never did put it out, but I had it in mind to do sort of nice, clean, church-going stories. You see, I go to church a lot. I went to the Baptist Convention with my mother, and I get in the pulpit, and I tell them those nice little stories, and my Mother says, "That's enough, that's enough!" (Both laugh) She don't think I'm gonna cut-a-loose, she just don't want me to do too much. My Mother is ninety years old, she still survives, and still goes to the Baptist conventions, and when I get there and do my thing, she is in her glory!

Is it a big surprise now to have your music drawing as much attention as your comedy?

No. Listen, the reason why it is, I should have had it before. I have been put on the shelf throughout the years, and there was a reason for it. The airwaves was controlled by artists like the late Bobby Darin, Pat Boone, Frankie Avalon, who were singing the same style of music I was doing. I couldn't get a record played on the air with the greatness that I had, so I feel that I should have had myself a singing act years ago, and I am pleased that I have it now. I'm not overly, overly delighted, but I am delighted that people have been able to FEEL my musical and singing performance.

When I first started listening to your comedy records, I thought,"Man! What a great R&B singing voice he has," not yet knowing that you DID sing R&B, and many other styles.

Yes, I've sung many styles, but primarily R&B, cause if I sing a Gospel song, it has an R&B feeling to it. There's a Gospel song on my new album called "We're Only Here For a Little While," and it still has that feeling of Blues stylings from years ago, like Aretha Franklin. My ballad style, like "Bring It On Home To Me," the Sam Cooke song, is extremely soulful. My brand new singing album is called "Genius Of (Rudy Ray Moore)...Soul singer for the 21st century. Man with The Cashmere Voice." I got one tune on it that sounds like it's hitbound. It's called "Feelin' Good, Feelin' Good" (Set to the tune of "Amen"). I tell people on it, "Feelin' good, when a man loves his woman, and a woman loves her man," because that's what life is all about, is feelin' good. If you can get a subject like that, that'll fit everybody. I mean, everybody wants to feel good, ain't nobody want to feel bad! This has touched the souls of people when I've done it in person, so I feel I have a hit, there.

That's fantastic. I think that's what it's all about when you do your Comedy show, too. People just come to have a good time When I've seen you perform in theatres, where you're able to go up and down the aisles and single people out, they may be embarrassed,

but they still go home and tell everybody they had a good time.

When I'm in a house like that, where I can go into the crowd, and do things like "The Signifyin' Monkey," everybody knows that one, "I told my wife before you left..." and I hold the mike out to someone, and they say, "I should whooped yer ass my MOTHERFUCKIN' self!" And then I feel like I'm able to do my act in grand form.

Could you tell me a little bit about how your new film came about?

I've been away from the screen for 25 years, and I felt I had to make another one as a closer, so, my same writer, Jerry Jones, who wrote the early ones, wrote the script for me. It's hard-hitting, but not as hard-hitting as some of the earlier ones. The karate scenes are great, I've got martial arts instructors out of New York to do one of the scenes for me. I've got a lot of high comedy, where I can try to hold my audience in their seats with the movement of the film, with different highlights and scenes. I've got Reynoldo Ray, who's on BET doing Comedy, doing a special cameo for me. I've got a lot of friends coming out to help me do it with very little money, because I never had any money to finance anything, all of my movies, I've got 7 of them, I've financed myself . I've got 25 albums that I financed myself. So, Reynoldo come out, and he did a cameo for me, and I've got another artist doing a cameo, his name is Layzie Bones, he's a rapper. He is playing in the film with my nephew, my sister's son. It shows the young people that we are appealing to the young folks by putting them in the films.

You can hear the beginnings of Dolemite in those live excerpts from the Norton record . You get your point across without actually swearing, though people love to hear you do that, now.

Well, I should be doing Las Vegas soon, and I'm gonna cut back. Don Rickles has been out there doing it so long, that they'll accept him, whatever he does. Now, you take me, a raw comedian, going into the Las Vegas strip, they might not feel comfortable with me doing hard, X-rated stuff. Don Rickles, he says "Fuck" anytime he gets ready to on stage, but, if I say it, it could harm me. Redd Foxx could say it and get away with it, but, in my appearances there, I am so versatile, I can cut back. I may say "Shit" or "Ass," or something like that, but, I'm going to be sort of laid-back

(NOTE: Being "laid-back" was, of course, an impossibility whenever Rudy Ray Moore's good friend, Ms. LaWanda Page, took the stage. At the time of our interview, Rudy Ray informed me that "LaWanda still survives, but she is retired from show business....she has had a stroke and amputations of her legs." A short time later LaWanda Page passed on. I was fortunate enough to have seen Ms. Page on the same bill as Rudy Ray Moore AND Wildman Steve...all were great, but LaWanda got down in the ALLEY, brothers and sisters. Dolemite kicks ass, and there is no doubt, but when Aunt Esther puts the boot in, it don't come out! I'm sure Rudy Ray would join me, here, in dedicating this to LaWanda, and wishing her a beautiful next life.)

THE Nine LiFE DEATH WiSH OF GUMBALLHEAD the CAT

BY ROB SYERS ©02

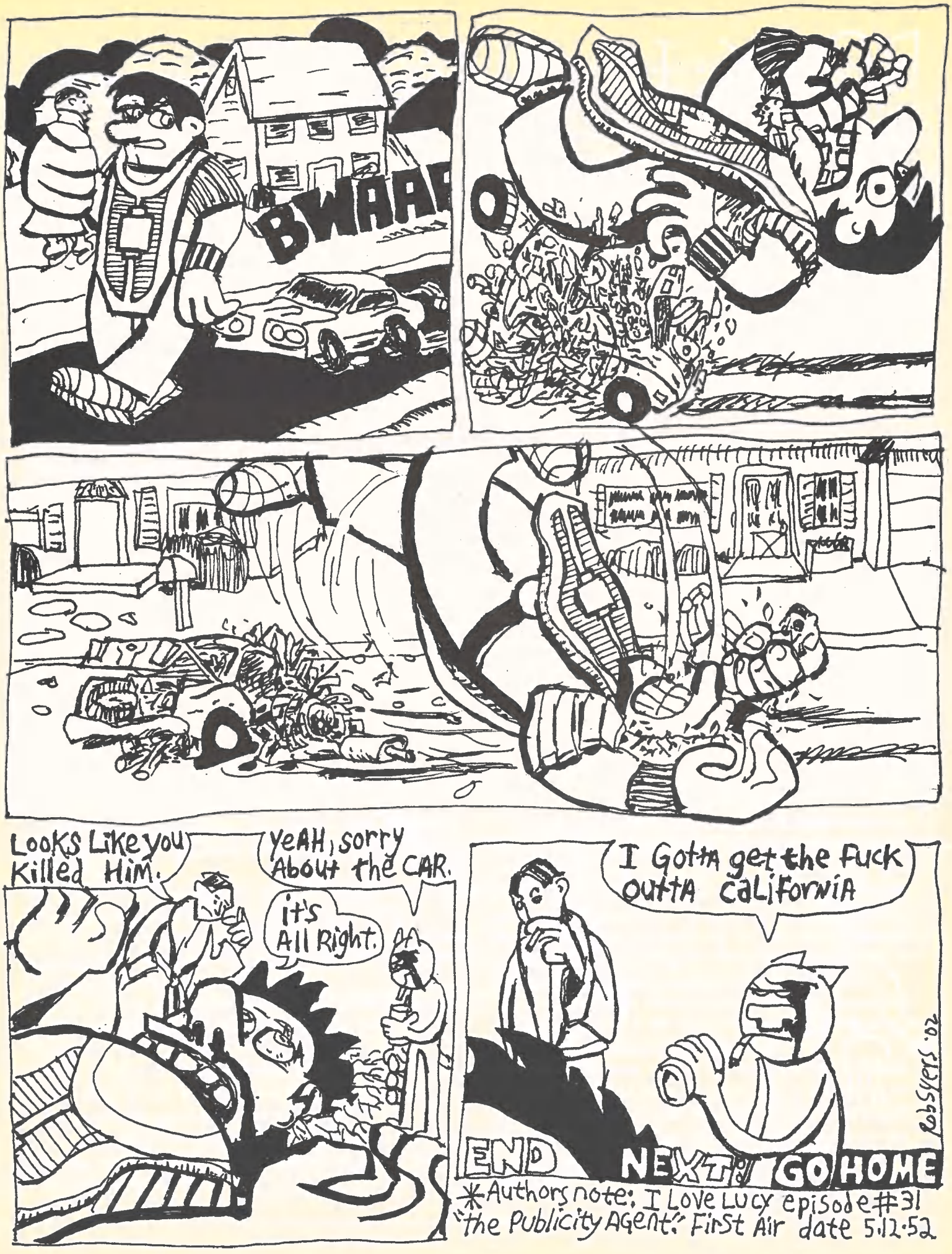
CHAPTER 6

GIANT

DO TO A STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS, GUMBALLHEAD RESCUES AN FBI AGENT FROM A RAGING FIRE, AND THEN DRIVES HIM HOME, ONLY TO FIND....

So, you're Bathed, and Fed...
I'm Not Leaving.
That Giants coming Back, And you know it.
What Beef Does A Giant HAVE With you?
F.B.I. Stuff
F.B.I. STUFF.
THOOM THOOM
Better Get Dressed Agent KEMMAR.
WHY HAVE you Disturbed me in My Breakfast Nook?
I SEEK ALEX KEMMAR!
Beat it porky!
LEAVE THIS PLACE GAM COTAL!
The MAHARINCESS OF FRANISTAN is My WIFE!*
NOW BE GONE!
SO...

...this Has Nothing to do with the FBI, Does it?
NO...
This is personal.
THE MAHRINCESS OF FRANISTAN BELONGS TO ME AND I SHALL TAKE HER!
M T W T F S S
Government workers Are so Fucked up.
WHAT iS GOiNG ON!?
Alex took A Hike, I'll use your car, And pick 'em up!
SKREEE
BWAAAH
SKREEEEEEEEEEEE



*Authors note: I Love Lucy episode #31 "the Publicity Agent." First Air date 5.12.52

ROCK IS FUNNY by Dan Buck

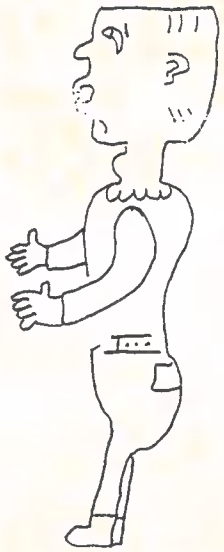
That Kind Of Tape Makes The Best Sound.

Didn't You Date A Musician?

I Did, Till He Grew His Guitar Long.

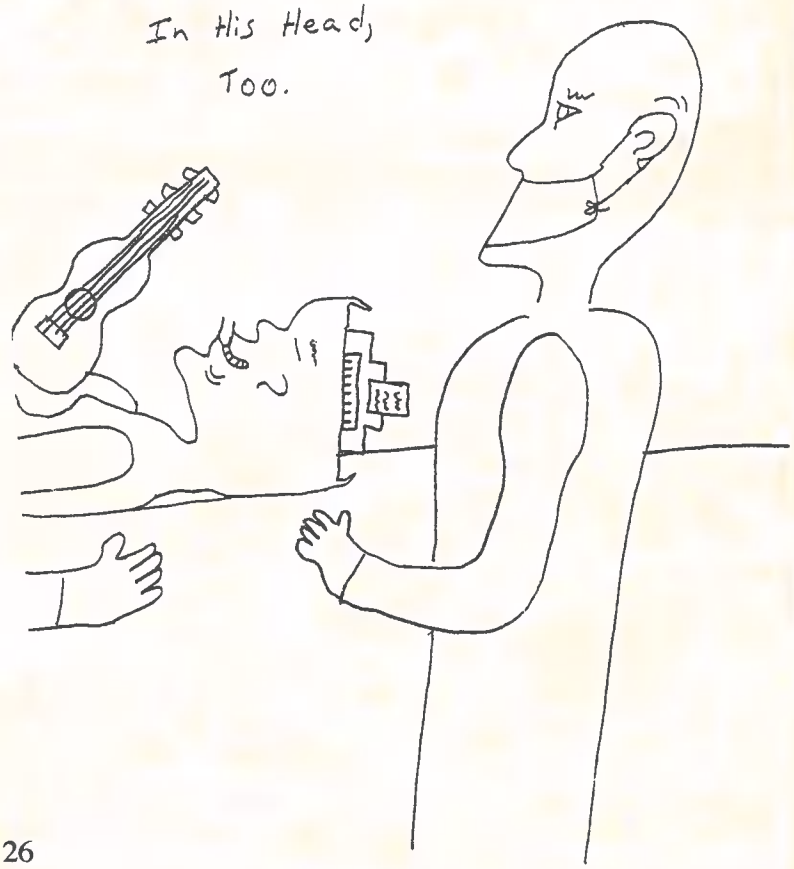
Did You Get Your Ticket?

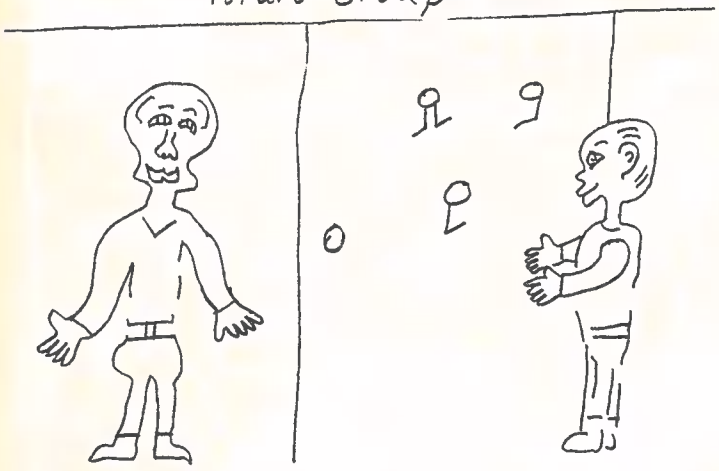
Yea, That's Why I'm Scalped.



They're A Meat And Potato Group

He's Got It In His Head, Too.





They're A Local Group. They Only Play In Closets.

My Bill Haley Story.

By Ken Burke

(My pen pal Gary Pig Gold asked me to tell about the time that I met the legendary Bill Haley. The quotes here are paraphrased and a few of the details are a bit foggy in my mind now, but to the best of my recollection, this is how it happened oh so many years ago.)

During the late 70s, my former partner, the late Reverend Sincere and I were driving out from the Detroit area to visit his folks in Arizona. For some reason, we thought it would be extra cool to go into Mexico via Texas first.

Well, no matter what time of year you do it, driving through Texas is the WORST drive one can ever experience. The scenery is dull, the miles are long, and it's always HOT and dusty (except when it's cold and dusty).

We drove into a little border town and stopped at the first restaurant that advertised having air-conditioning.

Since our car didn't have AC, we spent a lot of time in the men's room washing down and changing out of grimy, sweat-soaked clothes before we sat down to order.

It was afternoon, and the place was practically empty except for one pudgy older man sitting at a corner booth. He was looking out the window and mumbling loudly to himself.

Rev. Sincere was seated facing the mumbler's direction. After one particularly loud outburst, the Rev. looked up and upon noticing the guy was sporting a rather limp spit-curl, red checkered suit jacket, and white tassel shoes, said to me "That guy kinda looks like Billy Haley."

I turned around and said, "Yeah -- It does. Wouldn't it be weird if we found a town that time forgot where that look was still hip." We laughed.

The waitress took our order and she asked what we were so damned happy about. The Rev. said, "We were joking that the guy over there looked like Bill Haley of Bill Haley & The Comets."

The waitress rolled her eyes "He IS and if you've got the guts to talk to him, I'm sure he'll tell you all about it."

Well, we were real excited about this and we peppered the waitress with a ton of questions. Finally she just snapped "Look, don't ask me -- ask HIM."

So, we got up from our table and gingerly made our way over to Haley's table where he was still mumbling loudly to himself.

It took us several seconds to get his attention. He had three plates of food with only a few bites eaten out of each one and several half-cups of coffee littering the table.

Reverend Sincere was always the one to speak up during awkward or impossible situations. He asked, "Excuse me, sir? Are you Bill Haley?"

Haley at first appeared drunk, but then I noticed that he was really just a bit disoriented and punchy. He glared at us and shouted "Are you from the Internal Revenue? Are you? You guys don't quit do you?"

"No sir, Mr. Haley. I'm Rev. Sincere and this is Ken. We're big fans of your music. We saw you twice in Detroit at Richard Nader's Rock'n'Roll Revival shows."

"So you've followed me from Detroit? What took you so long? You guys dress sloppy for IRS agents."

(He wasn't kidding.)

The Rev. and Bill Haley talked at cross-purposes for what seemed like 15 - 20 minutes (it was probably only a few). Reverend Sincere kept talking about music and being a fan and Haley kept accusing us of working for the government and trying to catch him stashing away money that he didn't have!

Finally, I spoke up. "Mr. Haley, what are the rest of the Comets doing these days?"

His eyes started to clear and he began acting more friendly. "So you saw the show in Detroit, eh? We should have closed that show but closing the first half was almost as good. We always have done well in Detroit. I remember back in 1956 we played 10 shows a day at that theater there...I think it was the Fox Theater. Set records there that have never been broken.... So, you're from Detroit, eh? Sit down boys, sit down."

We shook hands with him and sat down. The Rev. began to pepper Haley with questions about the music, questions that Haley answered out of order when he bothered to answer at all.

I asked again about the rest of the Comets and he told me there weren't many of the original guys left and that he missed 'em because "They knew what the whole thing was about, really. That's the best thing I can ever say about anybody that they really knew what the whole thing was about."

(I have no idea what this meant.)

He told us stuff about his guitar, his home in Mexico, how the pretty senoritas still like the rock'n'roll, and that the music industry was full of crooks! Bookers, agents, disc jockeys, record labels, everybody was a crook. They were rotten and corrupt and those are the only people in the music industry. He extended this paranoid rap to include the federal government, his ex-wives, and the store which refused to continue delivering liquor to his home until his bill was paid.

It was wildly uncomfortable for me. Rev. Sincere was looking disgusted, as if Bill Haley wasn't really suffering from a mental breakdown and was just putting us on.

The waitress told us our food was ready. Haley unexpectedly ordered her to bring our plates to his table so we could talk and then bellowed "When the hell am I going to get a cup of coffee?" So we ate while Bill Haley stared out the window and mumbled incoherent phrases punctuated with huffs and coughs.

At this time, Rev. Sincere and I were cigar smokers. We liked Backwoods, which are these prepackaged cigars, which look like the ones Clint Eastwood smoked in those spaghetti westerns. We offered one to Haley and he accepted. His mood got more expansive.

"You know, I've been all over the world. Toured everywhere and the young people are always nice to me. No matter how long their hair or what color their skin was -- the youngsters have always been good to me."

We mentioned that he deserved good treatment because of all the great rock'n'roll he made and he thanked us quite sincerely.

We asked if "Happy Days" using "Rock Around The Clock" helped spur the rock'n'roll revival taking place.

He said "Boys, I don't get a dime from the Happy Days people or my old record label. But I make more money on tour than I ever did."

Then it was back to how many times he had been screwed on the road, with no facts or names matching up in the disjointed story.

Rev. Sincere interrupted. "So, Mr. Haley. Now that Elvis is dead, are you the King of Rock'n'Roll again?"

Haley's glassy eyes snapped into focus again. "I've always been the King of Rock'n'Roll. I invented it, it's mine." Then he lowered his voice and looked into our eyes imploringly "You boys are fans. You know that there wasn't any rock'n'roll until Bill Haley & His Comets hit the scene, don't you? Don't you?"

We nodded numbly and said "That's right."

Once reassured, Haley elaborated "Now Elvis, Elvis was a good boy. A nice young man. I liked him. I gave him his start really. He'd done some things before, but until I took him under my wing and did some shows up North, he really wasn't very famous."

The Rev. asked what it was like to do shows with Elvis. Haley puffed up a bit and said "Well, the crowds were all there for Bill Haley & his Comets. He did pretty well. That manager of his, the Colonel said he wanted Elvis to close the show. He gave us extra money, under the table you understand. So we went on before Elvis and we did so great that the audience figured the show was over and Elvis performed to a bunch of empty seats." Then he laughed WAY too long and loud.

Then he started mumbling about all the stories about Elvis and how no one seems to remember who the real King, the real Father of rock'n'roll music was.

We ate.

Haley drank from half cups of coffee.

We asked tons of questions, which were either ignored or answered incoherently.

When I asked, "Do you still make records?" Haley snapped into clarity for the final time "Yes, I've got a brand new record coming out next week on a Mexican label and it looks like I'm going to be back on a major label real soon. Yessir, the young people are always nice to me. They know who started rock'n'roll...who was the father of the whole thing...if you talk to those disc jockies....mumble, mumble, mumble..."

Rev.Sincere and I tried to leave several times. Haley sat us down each time. We both realized that this man was intensely lonely, so we stayed for a while and tried to talk to him. He made jokes we couldn't understand the punchlines to, made garbled references we didn't get, and kept yelling for coffee.

We stayed as long as we could, but the sun was now going down and we wanted to get into Mexico. As usual, the Rev. was the one to pipe up. "Mr. Haley, it's been a pleasure talking to you, but we've got to hit the road -- we've got people waiting for us. Before we go though, can we have your autograph?"

Haley smirked suspiciously, "I don't give autographs. I used to charge for my autograph but the Internal Revenue found out about it and now I don't do it anymore. I'll tell you what I will do though -- I'll give you something that no one can ever take away from you, not even the Federal government."

"What's that?" asked Rev. Sincere.

"My handshake."

So we shook hands with him and as an awkward afterthought I blurted out "Mr. Haley, I can't wait for your new record to come out. Thank you for inventing rock'n'roll -- we... we dig it the most!"

(I don't really believe Haley invented rock'n'roll, but he needed to hear it said, so I said it.)

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As the assistant manager rang up our bill, Haley called out one final time "Thanks for coming all the way down from Detroit to talk to me, boys." He waved at us with the cigar we gave him. We said it was our pleasure and he went back to staring out the window.

We were obviously looking a bit unnerved. The assistant manager said "He hasn't felt well in a long time. Some days he just sits here all day long waiting for someone to recognize him. The other customers don't like it. He takes the best booth and mumbles, sometimes swears for hours at a time, and he can never remember whether he ordered or not. I have to call the Sheriff and he brings his wife over to pay the check and take him home."

Rev. Sincere asked "Why do you put up with it?"

"Well, I try to cut him some slack. He's Bill Haley -- he's the King of Rock'n'Roll."

As we got in the car, the Rev. said "Let's skip Mexico." I said "OK." And we drove the next few hours in silence.

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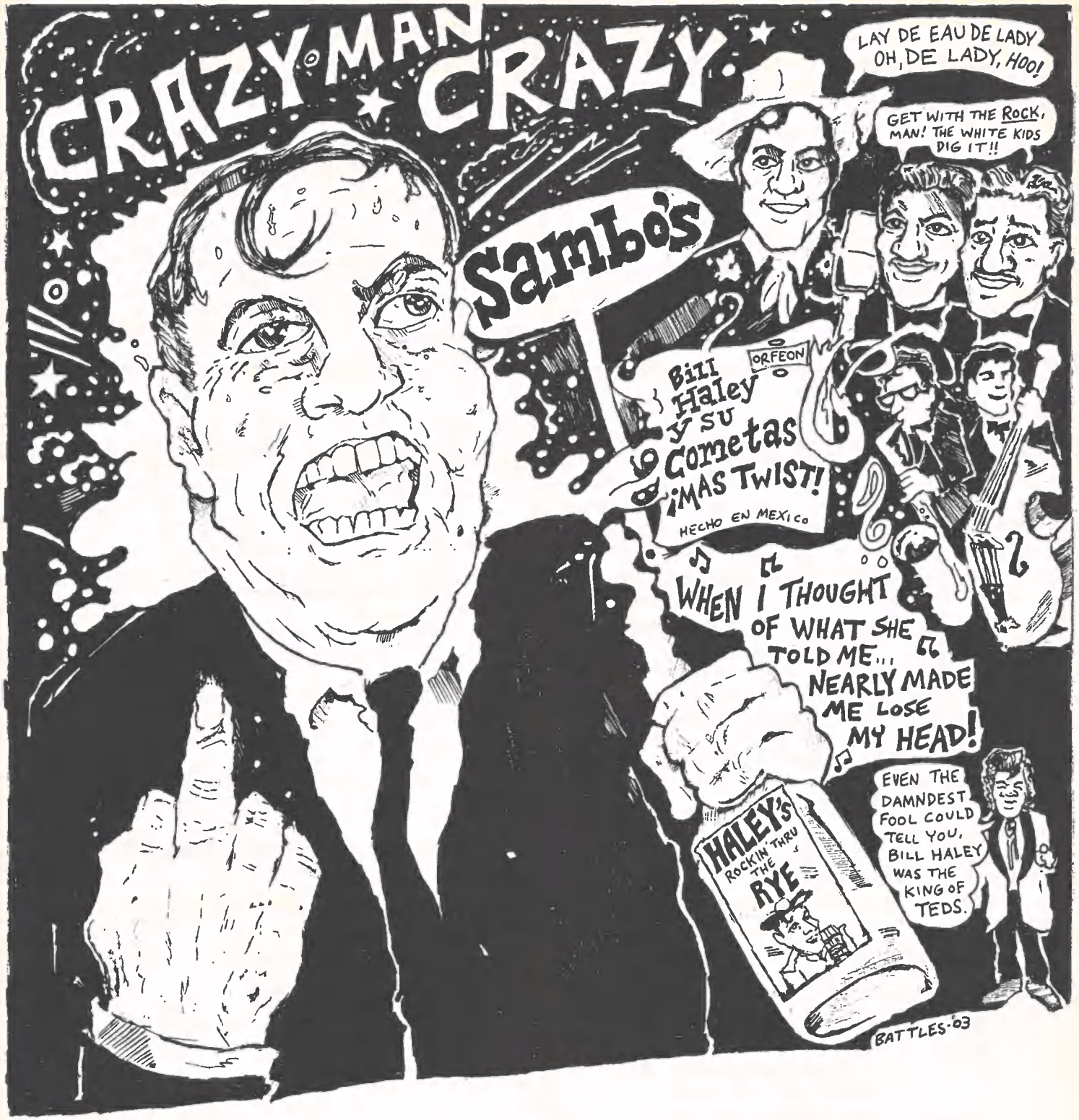

CRAZY MAN CRAZY
Sambo's
LAY DE EAU DE LADY OH, DE LADY, HOO!
GET WITH THE ROCK, MAN! THE WHITE KIDS DIG IT!!
ORFEON
Bill Haley y su Cometas ¡MAS TWIST!
HECHO EN MEXICO
WHEN I THOUGHT OF WHAT SHE TOLD ME... NEARLY MADE ME LOSE MY HEAD!
HALEY'S ROCKIN' THRU THE RYE
EVEN THE DAMNDEST FOOL COULD TELL YOU, BILL HALEY WAS THE KING OF TEDS.
BATTLES·03

Who Are the Cyberpunks?

by Emil Hyde

Look out, honey, 'cause I'm using technology...
- The Stooges, 1973

It's been at least 22 years since some science fiction writer (or magazine editor) coined the term 'cyberpunk' to identify the then-seemingly-inevitable confluence of mohawked, fuck-everything youth culture and increasingly affordable, increasingly portable computer technology. You'd think, given the 24–year lag between the Star Trek communicator and the Motorola Star-Tac cell phone, we'd have at least a few honest-to-God cyberpunks bumming around the streets of our cities by now, swapping microchips for heroin and digitally spraying big, red anarchy signs onto corporate websites. Strangely, they're nowhere to be seen (no, that guy in Starbucks with the sixteen-karat nosering and Macintosh laptop doesn't count). Maybe they're all hiding. Or maybe they're all still in high school (though, if so, my teacher girlfriend would have told me about them).

In any case, whenever the cyberpunks finally decide to show up, they're going to need some Cyberpunk Rock to bang their heads to while they sit at home waiting for that injection of synthetic rat DNA to kick in and grow them a big, pink tail. Which begs the question... what the hell is Cyberpunk Rock, exactly, and do we already have any lying around? I mean, even if we're still waiting for the Cyber Ramones, there should already be a Cyber New York Dolls or Cyber Stooges, right?

Being a fan of dictionary definitions, I logged on to Merriam Webster's website and came up with the following:

Cyber = pertaining to computers or computer networks

Punk = (definition 4c) one who affects punk styles

Rock = (entry 2, definition 2) popular music usually played on electronically amplified instruments and characterized by a persistent heavily accented beat, much repetition of simple phrases, and often country, folk, and blues elements

Eliminating all the "usually"s and "often"s, I guess that means Cyberpunk Rock is *popular music characterized by a persistent heavily accented beat* (no four-to-the-floor), *and much repetition of simple phrases, played with the aid of computers by musicians who affect punk styles.*

So, without any further hair-splitting, let's take a look at the most likely candidates in chronological order and see whether or not they pass the Cyberpunk litmus test (And no, all those bands who play that Gothic disco/Heavy Metal tripe frequently mistaken for Industrial music don't count).

1. The Silver Apples

Pro: Not only do the Silver Apples deserve punk rock points for going against the grain of 60s rock (sounding like Stereolab in the age of Jimi Hendrix), they desrve D.I.Y. cred for cobbling their sole synthesizer together with surplus WWII electronics and a soldering iron. And if that weren't enough, turns out they didn't know how to actually play piano (they worked the thing with telegraph switches instead of a keyboard). What could possibly be more punk than not knowing how to properly play your instrument?

Con: They were *hippies*, for chrissake! Just check out their flowing, rainbow-colored robes and long, frizzy Wavy Gravy hairdos on the cover of *Contact*. I'm sorry, but you can't be both a punk and a hippie any more than you can be both a fruit and a vegetable.

Verdict: Alas, as much as you have to respect the Apples for doing it first and Doing It Themselves, hippie-ness and punk-ness may as well be matter and anti-matter. Sorry, but the Silver Apples just aren't worthy of the label Cyberpunk.

2. Suicide

Pro: They were (sometimes) homeless. They were (always) penniless. They were (often) drunk. It's a wonder that Alan Vega and Martin Rev were able to keep their synthesizer in working order after so many nights sleeping in the doorways, alleyways, and shelters of New York City circa 1972. Musically, they managed to be as stark, droning, and brutal as any of the industrial groups that followed them, while at the same time working in some rockabilly elements for added punk cred (check out the Ricky Nelson crooning on 'Ghost Rider'). When Suicide finally got their big break opening for Elvis Costello in Amsterdam, they pissed off the audience so bad just being themselves that the crowd stormed the stage and the band had to run for its life.

Con: They kinda evolved into fruity New Romantic synthesizer disco later on in their career.

Verdict: Twenty-five years later, you don't see anyone else living the cyberpunk life quite like Suicide. So what if they dabbled in disco? Their music still sounds bleeding-edge. 100% Grade-A Cyberpunk.

3. Kraftwerk

Pro: They're German, and not in a beer-and-pretzels way, but in a scary-crypto-fascist kind of way. And, unfortunate though it may be, there's always been something vaguely punk about fascism. On the musical tip, Big Black did a cool, punked-up cover of Kraftwerk's 'The Model' that rocks as hard as any of BB's originals.

Con: They yodel through a vocoder on the song "Autobahn". I'm sorry, but not even German punks can get away with yodeling. Not only that, but Kraftwerk started off as a prog-rock band before developing their stripped-down, all-synthesizer sound. You just can't get any less punk than prog,

Verdict: Cyber? Very. Punk? Hardly.

4. Throbbing Gristle

Pro: More punk than punk, the electro-freaks in Throbbing Gristle had everyone in the original London '77 punk scene good and scared. "Stay away from [TG vocalist] Genesis," said Siouxise Sioux to Billy Idol. "He's going to hang himself onstage with a piano wire." Seems a bit silly in retrospect, but how else could the London punks to react to a band that made such huge, horrible, grinding noises with strange, alien instruments?

Con: They weren't in with the in crowd. And Genesis was always a dirty hippie at heart.

Verdict: Screw the scenesters. If Punk's about anarchy and raising hell, then Throbbing Gristle were model punks, who just happened to be "cyber" to boot.

5. Cabaret Voltaire

Pro: Their first concert, during which they played an electrified clarinet decorated with Christmas lights to the accompaniment of a tape loop, provoked a riot. Riots are definitely punk rock.

Con: Did you say an electrified *clarinet*?

Verdict: Clarinets... Christmas lights... sounds more like Art School schtick than Rock N' Roll High School. Sorry, CV: kudos for the riot, but you'll have to check your clarinet at the door.

6. Devo

Pro: Devo were out there mixing power chords and Moog noises long before it was cool. And when it finally became cool, they declared they

were "Through Being Cool" and started making cheesy, atonal musak simply to confuse and annoy everyone who bought a copy of 'Whip It'. Even when they were on the top of the pops, Devo were anything but sell-outs.

Con: Aren't we confusing Punk and New Wave here? The 'Whip It' video aired on MTV a few many times for the Devo's own good.

Verdict: Whippit, schmippit... everyone who knows knows that "Mongoloid" and "Satisfaction" are superior specimens of Devolution, anyway. Give the spudboys their props. Q: Are They Not Men? A: They are Cyberpunk!

7. Madonna

Pro: She started out playing drums in a punk band, meanwhile the electro remixes on her latest single from that James Bond movie were pretty 'effin cool.

Con: "We are living in a material world, and I am a material girl..."

Verdict: Yes, I'm joking.

8. Big Black

Pro: Über-producer Steve Albini's old band consisted of two humans and a robot (Roland the drum machine), but otherwise played by the rules of noisy 80s post-punk a la Sonic Youth. Plus, they gave a super-cool nod to synthesizer music with their sledgehammer cover of Kraftwerk's "The Model".

Con: BB's "The Model" is sure cool, but isn't Steve Albini mister "digital sucks" nowadays? And since when is tacking a drum machine onto a rock band enough to qualify as cyberpunk? I mean, Toto did pretty much the same thing.

Verdict: I'm sorry, Steve, but the "con" has a point. No cyberpunk certificate for Big Black.

9. Sigue Sigue Sputnik

Pro: Designed to be the ultimate sell-out, Sigue Sigue Sputnik wound up transcending its crass aspirations to create a cyberpunk classic. Their debut album, *Flaunt It*, features actual paid advertisements between songs, meanwhile the single "Love Rocket F1-11" mangles a jillion and one Johnny Thunders and Marc Bolan guitar riffs with machine gun and explosion samples. Bonus points for the band having little or no musical talent/experience to speak of.

Con: Even an ironic sellout is still a sellout. And wasn't Sigue Sigue Sputnik founder Tony James in Generation X with Billy Idol? Talk about sellouts...

Verdict: My doctor's been telling me I need more irony in my diet. Sigue Sigue Cyberpunk!

10. Laibach

Pro: Sure, they're a bit on the industrial side, but at the same time we could use a few more skinheads in the club, if only to give the other cyberpunks someone to beat up.

Con: Since when do skinheads qualify for affirmative action? If we're starting over, can't we do it without the skinheads this time?

Verdict: Skinheads need not apply.

11. Pop Will Eat Itself

Pro: PWEI have it all: big guitar riffs, blippy drum machines, gratuitous samples, shouted slogans, and vaguely political undertones. And on their hit "Can You Dig It?" they name-check Optimus Prime of the Transformers, which sounds like something one of those kiddie Third Wave pop-punk bands would do.

Con: They're silly, and they use too many dance loops.

Verdict: Punks can't get a little funky? Tell that to the Gang of Four. As for silliness, the day that becomes a crime, I quit. Riffs? Yeah, we can dig it.

12. Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine

Pro: Making the best out of some of the worst keyboards even produced (i.e., all those late-80s/early-90s digital models), Carter USM rocked harder than many a punk group. The opening salvo of their album *101 Damnations* has to be the most potent rock n' roll rush since Minor Threat's hardcore cover of the Monkees' "Stepping Stone".

Con: Later on *101 Damnations* they start dicking around with cheesy, faux-patriotic anthems ("G.I. Blues") and plastic King Arthur fanfares ("Crimestoppers A Go Go").

Verdict: There's actually a long tradition of faux-patriotic anthems and King Arthur fanfares in punk rock. Just ask Crass and the Mekons (it's a Brit thang, you Americans wouldn't understand). Thumbs up for Carter the Unstoppable Cyberpunk Machine.

13. Lard

Pro: Take the members of Ministry, which was already about as close to punk as industrial ever got, add former Dead Kennedys frontman Jello Biafra, and what do you get? Damned if it ain't cyberpunk.

Con: I dunno... they did record that stupid "Seventies Rock Must Die" song, itself an insipid seventies-style rock tune not nearly ironic enough to redeem itself.

Verdict: Hell yeah, they're Cyberpunk! Lard's like the DKs plus synthesizers, minus the back-stabbing bandmates and corporate sellout! What more could you ask for?

14. Boom Boom Satellites

Pro: Screaming Japanese freaks are always punk – see the Boredoms and Shonen Knife. Hence, screaming Japanese freaks with samplers and synthesizers are always cyberpunk – see the Boom Boom Satellites (and, by that logic, Cibo Matto...I guess).

Con: How can you say that screaming Japanese freaks are *always* punk? That sounds like racial profiling.

Verdict: With apologies to any screaming Japanese freaks we may have offended, we officially declare the Boom Boom Satellites to be thoroughly cyberpunk.

15. Moby

Pro: His guitar-driven remix of "All That I Need Is To Be Loved" is perhaps the greatest blueprint yet for what cyberpunk could be, smelting straight-up hardcore riffs with disco beats into a single as sharp as a razor blade. He also included a few passable, conventional punk rock tracks on his otherwise electronic 1995 album *Everything Is Wrong*. Besides that, he's self-righteous and straight-edge...Can anything truly be 'punk' without a contingent of self-righteous straight-edge types?

Con: Moby has too much disco and pop blood on his hands to ever be knighted as a punk rocker. Consider his silly raver single "Next Is The E" or mello-yello 2002 chart-topper "We Are All Made of Stars". Sorry, buddy, but it'll take more than one lousy remix to join this club.

Verdict: Although he *did* produce one of the great Cyberpunk tracks of all time, Moby has done too much of too many other things to be branded a cyberpunk himself. In that light, perhaps we can let him be our Cyberpunk Alex Chilton.

16. Atom And His Package

Pro: The heartwarming story of a lone Pennsylvania punk and his cheap-ass synthesizer. Rock n' roll doesn't get any more stripped-down than this. Bonus points for penning the zinger lyric "You have a five string fretless bass, you stole our song now we rock your face."

Con: His concerts sometimes verge on stand-up comedy, at times bringing him close to Dead Milkmen-level silliness. And though the Milkmen may have written "Punk Rock Girl", they were no punks by anyone's measure.

Verdict: Lighten up! Just because 'punk' and 'pretentious' start with the same letter, that doesn't mean cyberpunk can't crack a smile every now and then. Atom's welcome to join, and so is his package.

17. Chicks On Speed

Pro: They're as screechy as X or X-Ray Spex, politicized as Hell, and proud of the fact that they "Don't Play Guitars". If it's punk rock to be barely able to play your instrument, then it's even more (cyber)punk to simply steal someone else's riffs with a sampler. You go, girls!

Con: Something about the whole band smells like an art school thesis.

Verdict: There's something to be said for art-school punk, and leftist politics are always a plus. [fist-pumping chant] CHICKS-ON-SPEED! CHICKS-ON-SPEED!

18. Atari Teenage Riot

Pro: Atari Teenage Riot found the crucial missing link between hardcore punk and hardcore techno, creating a sound that was just plain hardcore.

Con: There's something a little too self-conscious about ATR's affectation of "punk styles". And, forgive me for saying so, their albums kinda suck.

Verdict: Like the Sex Pistols weren't self-conscious? And Half Japanese's records didn't suck? I see no reason why Atari Teenage Riot's self-conscious suckitude should keep a band so incredibly *hardcore* out of the cyberpunk club. Approved.

19. The Fleshpeddlers

Pro: The Fleshpeddlers thrashed more furiously than anyone since the glory days of Black Flag, and did it all with junked dime-store keyboards, pirated software, and an obsolete Soundblaster card. Todd Millenacker's distinctively nasal punk-rock yelp is too good to be wasted in some same-old-same-old guitar band.

Con: They broke up already, meanwhile I doubt there are 100 people outside Minneapolis who've heard of them.

Verdict: I doubt there were 100 people outside of Los Angeles who'd heard of the Germs before it was too late. If anything, the Fleshpeddlers' demise in obscurity only enhances their cyberpunk credentials.

20. Andrew W.K.

Pro: Damn, his album is LOUD. And I think I even hear some synthesizers in there...

Con: If his mullet, beer-drinking lyrics, and Eddie Van guitar licks are any indication, he probably prefers Def Leppard to Social Distortion.

Verdict: If we let Andrew W.K. into the cyberpunk club, then we'd have to let Mötley Crüe into the regular-punk club, which would be all kinds of wrong. Ixnay on the Drew W.K. An-ay.

21. Tracy + The Plastics

Pro: Bionic Riot Grrrl "band" Tracy + the Plastic (in which performance artist Wynne Greenwood embodies all three members – Tracy, Nikki, and Cola – on record and onstage) sounds like a CASIO set to self-destruct, the electronic equivalent of the Sex Pistols before they figured out how to tune their guitars. The Plastics get extra credit for having Carrie Brownstein of Sleater-Kinney do a guest vocal on their debut LP.

Con: They sample AC/DC's "Thunderstruck". And they're not a real band.

Verdict: Sampling AC/DC is nothing for a cyberpunk to be ashamed of... quite the contrary, in fact. As for not being a band, Billy Bragg got by just fine without one. Tracy + the Plastics' cyberpunk credit is accepted here.

22. A.R.E. Weapons

Pro: Billed as the second coming of Suicide, A.R.E. Weapons push the noise quotient of 21st-century "nü electro" way into the red. Their performances combine distorted Randy Rhodes guitar soloing and equally distorted Run D.M.C. beats, with plenty of drunken staggering, forgotten lyrics, and half-baked banter in between ("This one goes out to the kids... it's hard being a kid... so if you have a kid, be cool to your kid... but me, I don't have kids, because I don't know if I could be cool...").

Con: They'd probably get on better with Guns N' Roses than with Henry Rollins.

Verdict: If a band can be this drunk and this sloppy and still *rock*, it must be punk... A.R.E. Weapons definitely A.R.E. cyberpunk.

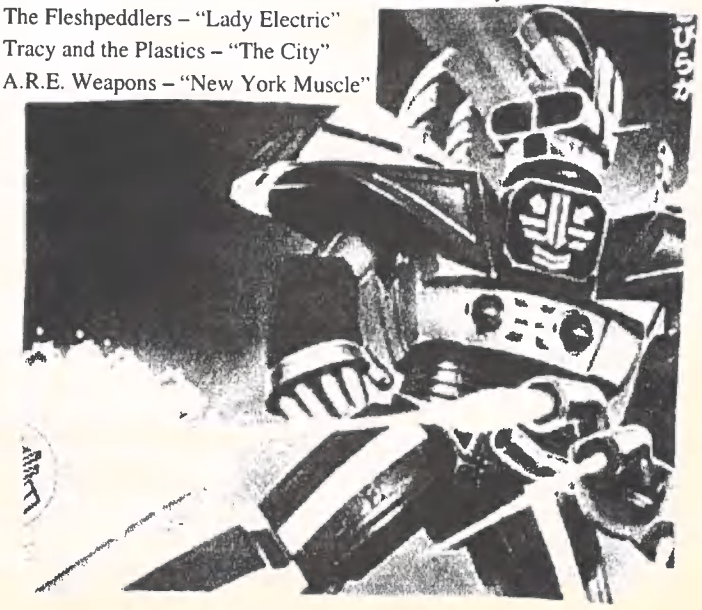
***

There you have it: 15 certified Cyberpunks and 7 rejects. That should be enough to tide all the spudboys and razorgirls over until a new crop of cyberpunk bands can be cloned, packaged, and eventually watered down for mass consumption by the major labels.

Ultimate Cyberpunk Mix CD-R

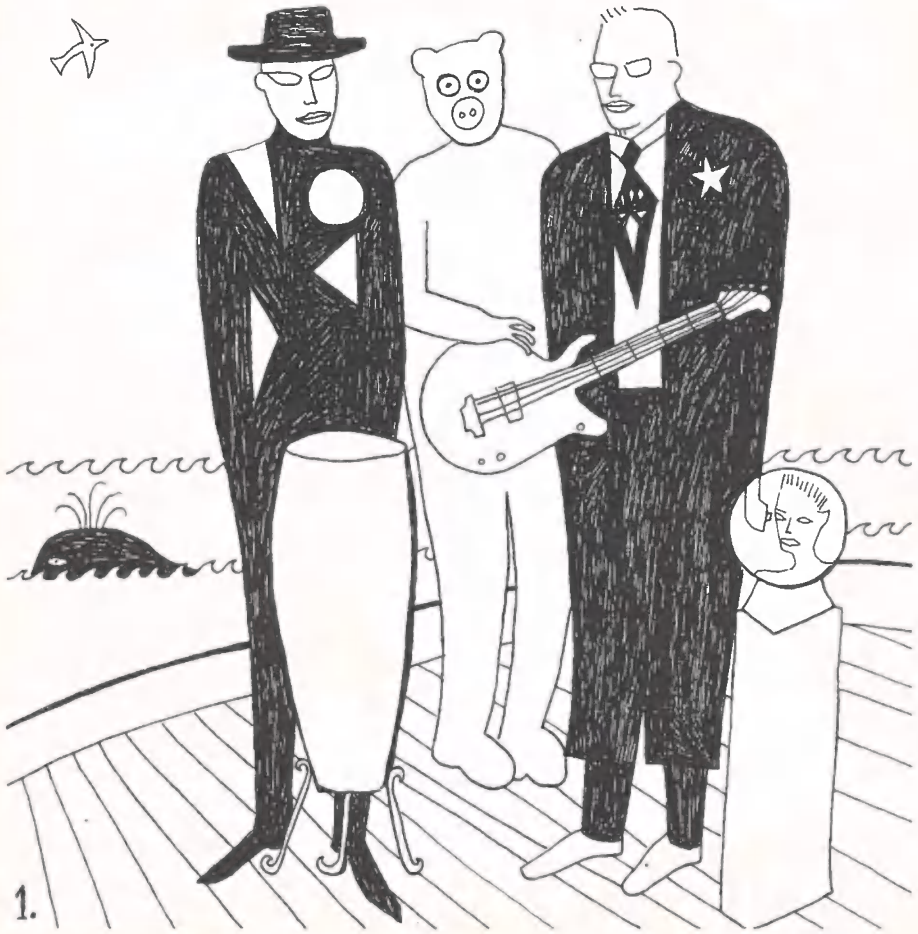
If you can track down the following, burn 'em all onto one disc, pop it in, and pretend we're living in a high-tech dystopia where every aspect of our lives are controlled by shadowy international mega-corporations (?)...

1. Suicide – "Ghost Rider"
2. Throbbing Gristle – "Blood On The Floor"
3. Devo – "Mongoloid"
4. Sigue Sigue Sputnik – "Love Rocket F1-11"
5. Pop Will Eat Itself – "Can You Dig It?"
6. Carter USM – "24 Minutes from Tulse Hill"
7. Boom Boom Satellites – "Missing Note"
8. Lard – "The Power of Lard"
9. Moby – "All That I Need Is To Be Loved"
10. Atom and His Package – "Mission 1: Avoid Job Working With Assholes"
11. Chicks on Speed – "We Don't Play Guitars"
12. Atari Teenage Riot – it doesn't matter what track, they all suck
13. The Fleshpeddlers – "Lady Electric"
14. Tracy and the Plastics – "The City"
15. A.R.E. Weapons – "New York Muscle"



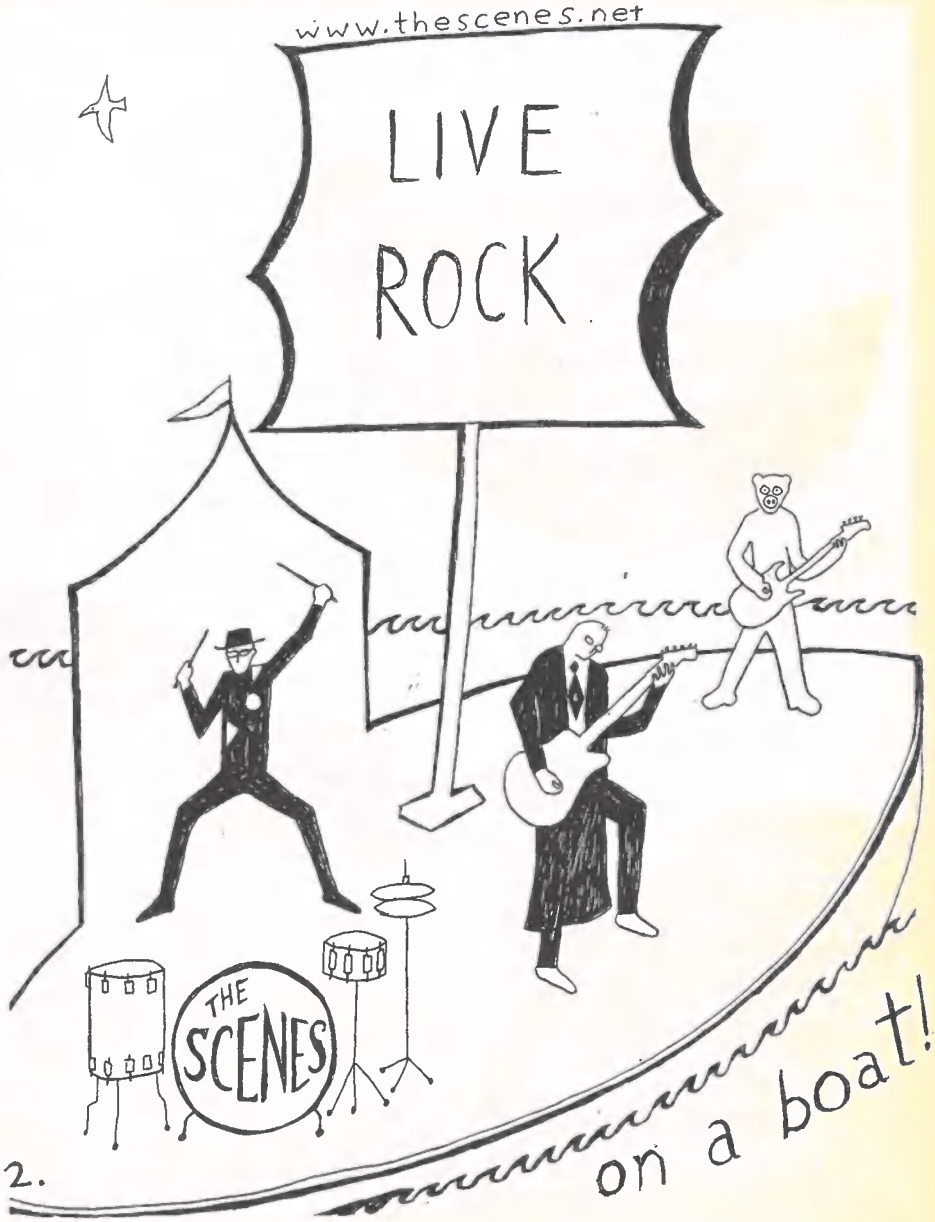
THE ADVENTURES OF THE SCENES

Vol. 2 No. 1
Drawings by
Slink Moss
Text by:
Will E. Black
+ Slink Moss



1.

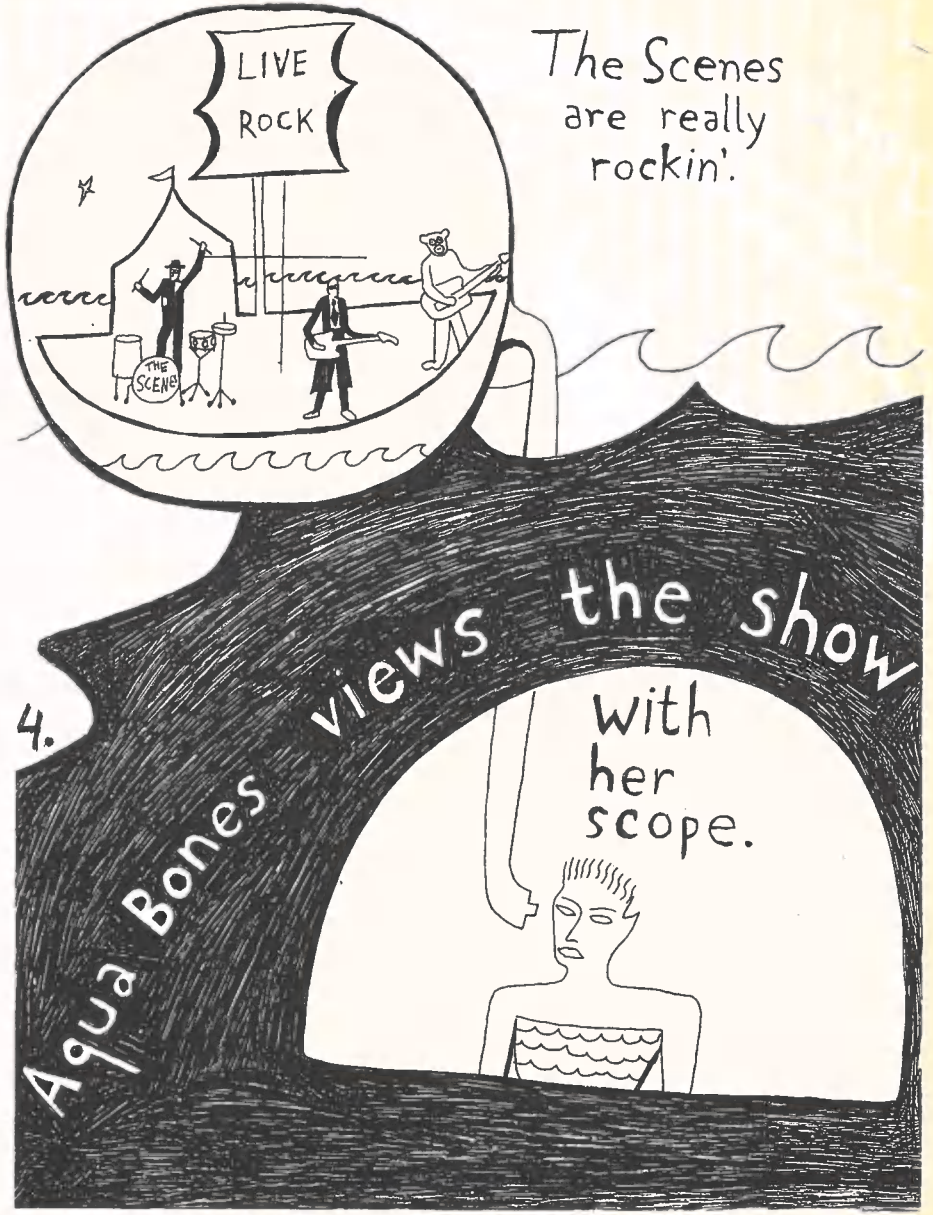
www.thescenes.net

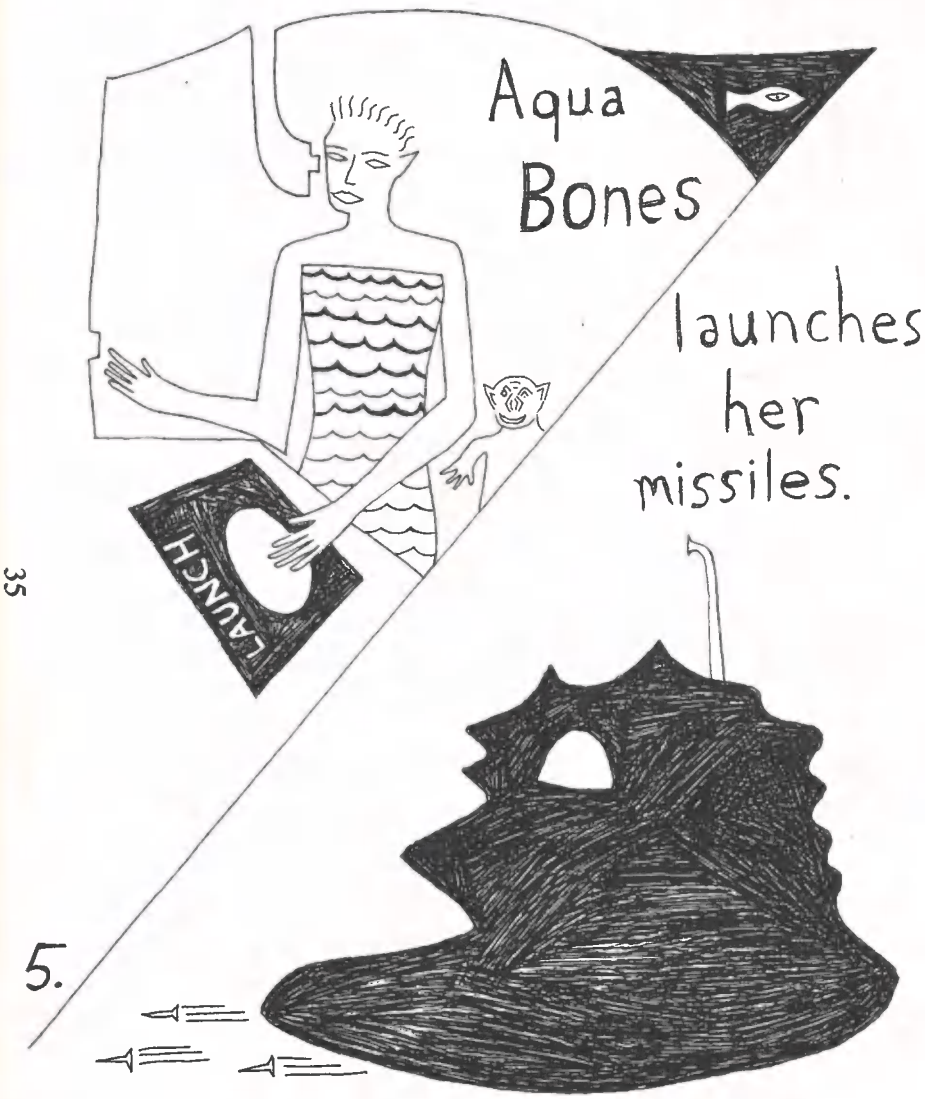


2. on a boat!

From beneath the surface,
Somewhere in the ocean's depths,
EVIL Lurks.

3.




Aqua Bones
launches her missiles.
LAUNCH
5.

Using his super powers, Master Plaster Mind sees the missiles coming straight for the boat!
THE SCENES
NEXT: Who can save The Scenes' Mr. Plastic Man? Stay tuned!....
6.

PUNKNHEAD
AFTER HOURS AT THE PINK FLAMINGO, WE FIND OUR HOLLOW HERO..
WELL PUNK N HEAD OL' BOY... YOU REALLY TIED ONE ON THIS TIME! OOOH GOD, I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD!!
ROOT BEER
OMIGOD! THAT GUY LOOKS LIKE.... HOUN'-D.....
HOUND DOG LORENZ!
THAT'S ME!
HOUND DOG?!! I THOUGHT YOU DIED AWHILE AGO!! IT'S AN HONOUR TO MEET YOU!
I'M PUNK'N HEAD!
PLEASED TA MEET YA! NAH, I'VE JUST BEEN LAYIN' LOW!
I TELL YA PUNK'N HEAD, I RARELY GO OUT ANY MORE / THE GIRLS DRESS LIKE JOCKS!
I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT THIS SIMP OVER HERE / I MEAN DOES HE REALLY THINK THAT'S COOL?
AND PEOPLE CALLED ME A FREAK?!
SHEESH!
COME, MY GOOD PUNK'N HEAD. TO MY SECRET VINYL HIDEOUT! BUT FIRST, I HAVE SOMEBODY WAITIN' OUT BACK WHO WANTS TO
..MEET YOU..
BRIAN GREGORY'S GHOST!!
PUNKNHEAD
WE GOTTA TALK..
GASP!
TO BE CONTINUED?

THE YARDBIRDS TODAY
Happenings 35 Years Time Ago
By Gentleman John Battles

One could forgive the average Joe for assuming The Yardbirds saga had come to an end in a summer of political unrest, rampant violence and (ULP!) the early strains of Progressive Rock (which, for the last time, The Yardbirds are NOT directly responsible for), but the current lineup brings The Yardbirds back as not only a working musical unit, but also as an accurate representation of what made 'em great in the first place. This is thanks to a concentrated effort on the part of founding members, Chris Dreja and Jim McCarty, aided by former Dr. Feelgood guitarist, Gypie Mayo (Who, while not possessed of a cult following to rival that of his predecessor, Wilko Johnson, is still arguably the more creative and musically diverse of the two), harmonica player/percussionist Alan Glen of Nine Below Zero (whom you may have seen on "The Young Ones") and American (Detroit M.F.!) bassist and lead singer John Idan.

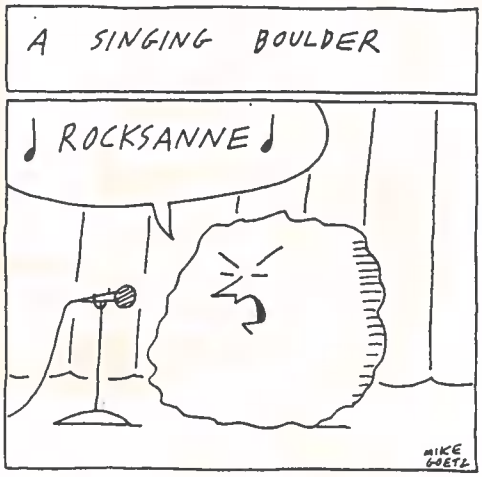
This is not a "Take the money and run" half-assed reunion attempt. Sure, they can command hefty fees, which is why a recent engagement found them playing in the suburbs, where the bread is undeniably better than here in Chicago proper, but the serious fans are considerably fewer in number. But their dedication to putting on a professional, well rounded, FUN show is more the result of years of working shit-hard to get the original Yardbirds sound, feel and vibe, than it is the result of blokes sitting around in the pub, pining for "the good old days." It's not like the lads are above having a few pints, a bit of laugh and carry on, but the MUSIC always comes first, a simple enough motto that many younger bands would do well to heed.

Keith Relf is no longer physically with us, of course, but he is spiritually with us whenever John Idan takes upon the enviable (or not so enviable, depending on your point of view) position of being the new lead singer with The Yardbirds. Idan doesn't mimic Relf, so much as he's taken what he's absorbed as a fan of the highest note, and being best mates with a few of Relf's best mates, and used his own voice as a beacon for Relf's spirit. If that sounds farfetched, I hope you have the chance to see this in person, you'll see I'm not exaggerating. In the four years since the latter day Yardbirds played in Chicago John has more than earned his wings. The man is, most assuredly, a Yardbird.

An interview was proposed before the first night's gig, but could not be conducted in the time alloted, between soundcheck, dinner and band stuff. Still, my friends and I got to hang out with the band, and had a pleasant chat. I'd met drummer Jim McCarty several times before, when he and Pretty Things, Dick Taylor and Phil May, did two great shows in my homebase of Rogers Park, and later when.The Yardbirds played at Martyr's in '97 (McCarty was actually answering the phones for the bar while he was doing a soundcheck! I called to check on the show time, and he went into a long shpeil about the night's festivities, never revealing his identity until I asked, "This sounds like Jim! Is it?" "THIS IS JIM!!!" - He was surprised to be recognized). Both Dreja and McCarty proved to be their usual affable selves, and even copped to remembering me from the Martyr's gig, and, joined by Idan, we had a nice talk, in some ways, better than an interview, but much of it is a blur, now (I wasn't going to tape such relatively casual banter). Just like The Troggs, Chris and Jim complained at length about the crappy sound at the NME Pollwinner's show (though, if you'd seen the two clips from the '65 award show.that used to air on VH1, they more than made up for the sound limitations) and, somehow, Jim and I got to talking about his pal, Suzi Quatro. There'd recently been a Glam festival in Germany or Sweden, and Jim had heard from Suzi just prior to that. Jim confirmed that the usual suspects, Suzi, Mud and Andy Scott's Sweet appeared, though a blacklisted Gary Glitter must have been conspicuous in his absence. The good news is there's talk of the original Slade line-up reforming and maybe even touring the states! If that's not out in left field enough for ya, Gypie Mayo asked me what I knew about the monks, as he'd only been recently turned on to them, and now they're his favorite band! Mayo told me about doing his first U.S tour with Dr. Feelgood, opening for Gentle Giant (!) "You can imagine. It was like having The Ramones open the show! Those people wanted this soft Prog Rock, and here

Left: The Birds in flight.
Below: Gentleman John holds court with his heroes

we are, BLAM!" The Feelgoods, much like The Yardbirds, are an institution in England., and their fans refuse to let them perish, even though lead singer, Lee Brilleaux, the focal point of the group, and the only remaining original member, died several years ago. Mayo filled me in that the young guy with a lotta 'tude from the latter day Animals has recently taken over as The Feelgoods' frontman. He also mentioned he'd run into his old friend, French Pubrocker, Little Bob Story, in Paris recently. I told him Story always reminded me of a cross between Big Boy and Cub Koda. He didn't get that, so I tried to explain, noting that Idan, a Detroit native, would know what I meant. One thing I have to say about Gypie Mayo is he's come a long way in the last few years. Not that he wasn't great before, but he seems a lot more confident as a Yardbird now, and his playing has more dimension, more depth. He's able to go from the '64-'65 rave-ups to the later Psychedelia without a hint of contradiction. What would be extremely awkward for a lot of other talented guitarists, he pulls off with as much relative ease as changing his gloves. The same is true of Chris Dreja, he's playing more aggressively, and singing more backup vocals these days...I think they're all enjoying their jobs a lot more these days.



ZALLY!

(cont. from P. 4) his trusty right-hand guitarist could sound like Elmore James one moment, Floyd Cramer the next, then play just like Chuck Berry a-ringin' a bell -- sometimes all simultaneously! -- and all at the drop of a single ten-gallon hat. In fact, the deliciously crazed six-string acrobatics Zally laid all over the "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" score was only one of many reasons that very first Woody Allen movie remains, at least to these eyes and ears, the myopic li'l director's absolute best.

More magnificent still was the equally cinematic vision Zal brought to his first and sorrowfully lone solo album, "Alive And Well In Argentina." This thoroughly bent 1968 concoction kicked off with a decaying rendition of the Canadian National Anthem superimposed over a chorus of croaking tree frogs (oh, Canada indeed!) then dove headfirst into a near hour's worth of true, Yanovskized dementia (classic maul-overs of "Little Bitty Pretty One" and "You Talk Too Much," plus a six-minute-plus tone poem entitled "Lt. Schtinckhausen" complete with, true to the album's theme, stereophonic storm-troopers). A 1971 re-release of this monumental long-player also included Zal's non-hit single from the Summer of Love, "As Long As You're Here," written by that ace songwriting duo hot off a couple of Turtles chart-toppers, Gary Bonner and Alan Gordon. One of the era's sillier seven-inch single slices of surrealism, the original vinyl disc included the entire A-side re-spooled BACKWARDS on the flip (sure, Napoleon XIV might've done it first with "!Aaah-ah Yawa Em Ekat Ot Gnimoc Er'Yeht," but Zally always was the living, strumming embodiment of any Top Forty funny-farm you'd care to inhabit). "Is it a hiiiiiit, or a missssssss?" a chorus-from-hell wailed over and over as the song faded but, well, both single and album WERE unmitigated misses it's tragic to recall. Still smarting over his recent drug-bust-induced departure from the Spoonful (both Zal and Steve were popped holding the goods, the Feds threatened to deport the former if he didn't identify his dealer, Zally snitched but was sent packin' straight back to the Great Wide North irregardless, and a Rolling Stone Magazine-sanctioned boycott of all things S-ful ensued) our hero was obliged to pen his very OWN review of "...Argentina" for the Toronto Daily Star newspaper. But alas, despite Sebastian swathing himself head-to-toe in tie-dye at the Woodstock fest, the band's hip(py) factor was irrevocably doomed and Yanovsky's name especially remained Bay Area mud for the remainder of that flowered era.

So no longer a Lovin' anything ("the band was like a marriage with four people in it," he later recalled. "As I look back, I opened the door and they kicked me out"), yet characteristically nonplussed following a couple of projects spent next with Tim Buckley and Kris Kristofferson, Zal unceremoniously hung up his guitar almost for good and by the Seventies found himself BEHIND the lens for a change, producing a Canadian afternoon court-TV (quel irony!) semi-reality series called "Magistrate's Court" before appearing as the petulantly potty-mouthed voice-of-reason alongside Alice Cooper and Mick Jagger in the scathing 1975 documentary "Rock-A-Bye" (in which, among several other things, Zally brought serial swearing to prime time a full quarter century before those Osbournes).

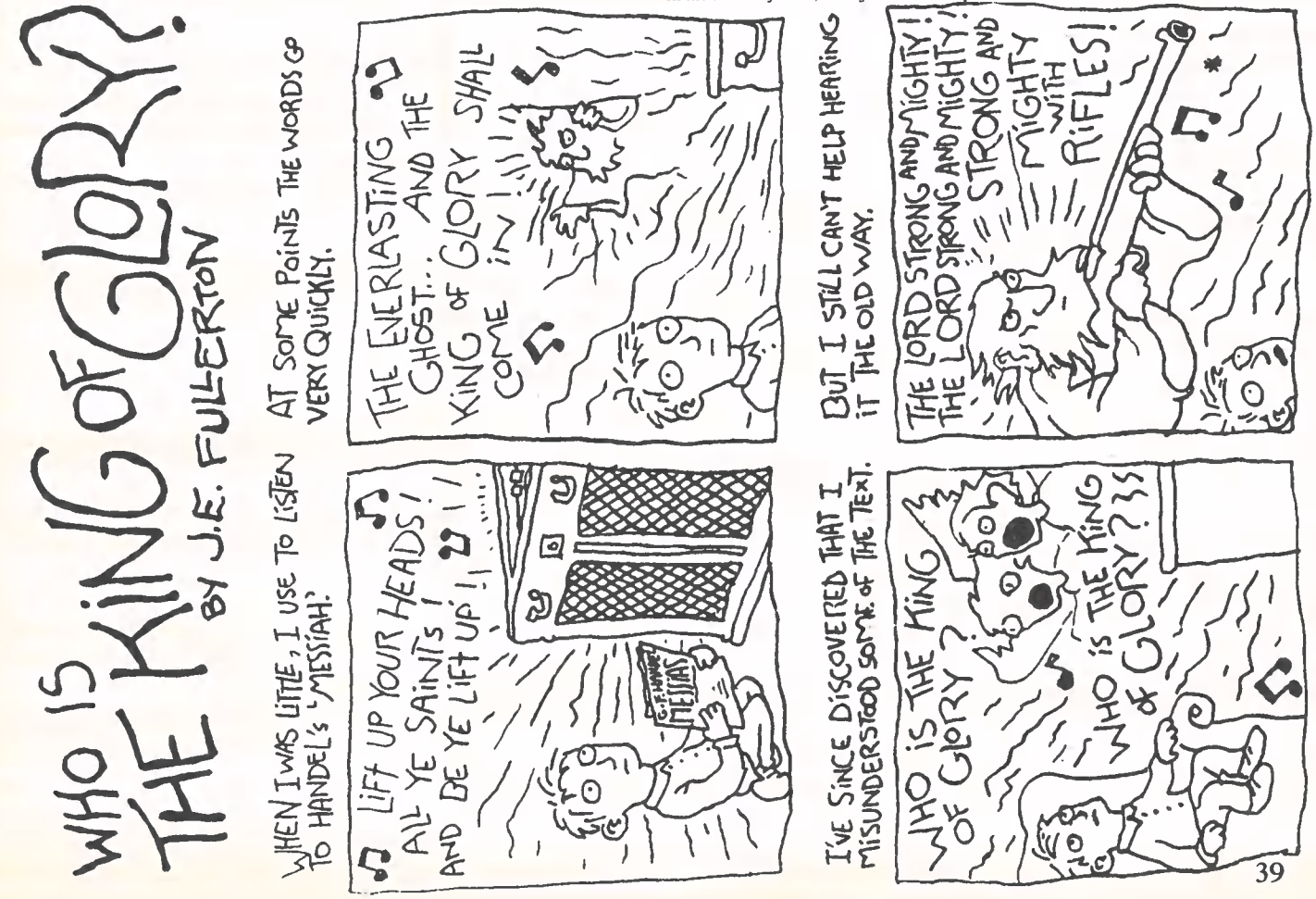
But if there's one thing a musician doesn't just love to do besides playing, it's eating, and of course Zal went even that vice one better by opening up his very own restaurant inside a landmark Kingston, Ontario livery stable. Chez Piggy, along with its sidekick bakery Pan Chancho, kept Zally literally cookin' throughout the final chapters of his tumultuous life, and I'm proud to claim that whilst on the road with the Dave Rave Conspiracy combo I had the pleasure of lunching within the fabled walls of Chez Piggy myself. In fact, it's rumored that our guitarist at the time had once actually dated Zal's daughter Zoe, so armed with this information – and pledging my undying love of "Alive And Well In Argentina" -- we relayed a request for the man himself back to the kitchen as dessert was served. Unfortunately Zally never did bless our table personally, and I had to wait nearly another decade to spot the man again on late-night Canadian TV, hawking his cookbook whilst most indiscriminately dumping wine all over a shrimp platter-in-progress. I am happy to report however that this fleeting appearance demonstrated the man had not lost one single inch of his Ed Sullivision-era zaniness.

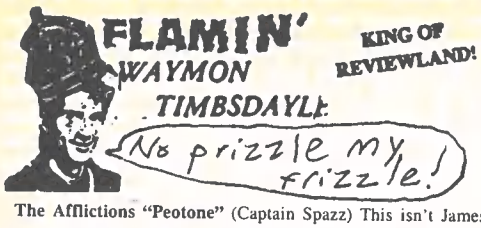
More recently, Zal rejoined his former bandmates for their 2000 induction into the so-called Rock and Roll Hall of Fame ("a big media event that's over in two seconds," he so aptly put it upon arriving back home in Kingston) and then almost accompanied John Sebastian on a brief tour of England shortly thereafter. Twas not to be, however, as Zal succumbed to an attack of the heart on his farm on, wouldn't you just know it, Friday the 13th of December. 2002. It was certainly a dark, dark day for lovers of good-times AND music the world over.

"There was not any book anywhere that he followed," eulogized his fellow Canadian and fellow former Mugwump Denny Doherty, "and he is gone too soon." But in reality the magical mayhem of Zal Yanovsky will live on, wherever and whenever one might hear a lightning-brilliant burst of electric guitar in the middle of some three-minute jug-pop oldie ...or see an over-sized cowboy hat flying high out of the frame at exactly the wrong moment.

Yes, some called him the Ringo of the Spoonful. I think Zal was more like the Lennon/Zappa/even Moon of the band. In other words, he too will be missed. And he too can never ever be replaced.

In his memory then, let's just let the boy Rock and Roll.





The Afflictions "Peotone" (Captain Spazz) This isn't James Chance No-Wave, this is Last Chance NOW-Wave...the music of tomorrow, the best dance punk I've heard today and a CD that makes me tingle.

A-Frames (Dragnet/SS) Early 80s underground New Wave party music that's all about technology and hostages, and it's recorded on a budget that brings to mind 80s Reagan-caused unemployment! So good that this should be called the A-plus!

All American Rejects (Dreamworks) Sounds like Spandau Ballet going Pop Punk, though there's no indication why they would do such a thing.

Almost You: The Songs of Elvis Costello (Glurp POB 685163 Austin, TX 78768) I have nothing against Elvis Costello (except that I never understood why 70s journalists considered him "punk") but I just don't know his songs. That said, this seems like a very lovely collection, with bands really investing in the covers (a cover album is usually a good excuse to fuck around and have fun, but here the bands treated each track with precious care). Matt Pond PA ("Green Shirt"), The Deathray Davies ("Men Called Uncle") and Mendoza Line ("Sleep of the Just") stand out.

Amon Amarth "Versus The World" (Metal Blade) The Viking death power battle soundtrack of the year! This makes me want to swing a broadsword at false metal! Regal, riotous and ROCKING! Hail Amon Amarth!

Anchor/Breakdance Vietnam split CD (Triple Crown) Anchor actually rock, and unlike their namesake, float to the punk surface. Breakdance Vietnam is a bit sink-ier, with some slightly dreary sing-songy vocal offerings. Even when they get upbeat (with good shuffle drumming) they embrace a draggy aesthetic.

Antiseen/Lime Cell split 7" (Steel Cage Records , PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA. 19125) This split single is dedicated to John Entwistle, but only one song is a Who cover, while the other is the later Kinks classic . Antiseen grapple The Kinks' "Destroyer" (one of few radio hits in the 80s that DIDN'T make me wanna lose my lunch), throw it down on the mat, and give it a good pounding. No need to check for a pulse, doc, It's ALIVE!! Likewise for Lime Cell's version of "The Seeker," a song that's been covered a wee bit too much (where are all the covers of "Call Me Lightning"?!), even The New Christs didn't add a lot to it, but Lime Cell does, giving it the right balance of punkitood and screamin' Psych guitar. Both sides are fun, and it's on blue vinyl with a hideous/hilarious parody of "The Who Sell Out" on the sleeve that won't be giving Ann Margret any competition in my fantasies.

Appalachian Death Ride "Hobo's Codebook" (Anyway POB 90218 Gainesville, FL 30267) ADR is the cure for ADD...you'll have to pay attention to these awesome songs. If Bruce Springsteen was a wicked-indie, rootsy, early-90s club band then he might OPEN for these dudes! Really rich, charming American music.

The Arrows "Tawny Tracks" (Geltoob RCU/NYC 10185-1439) This CD is so good Im peed myself– rarities from the too-obscure band that gave us the original "I Love Rock & Roll"(a version of which is included). This features the best brothel party song I ever heard ("At The Candy Shop") and enough Glammy, hammy funs stuff to balance out the more MOR tunes. Very diverse excellent weirdness abounds.

Automat "happy trials" (revenna) He's trying to be all minimal like Young Marble Gioants, but maybe a little too minimal. Sounds like the Marine Girls, which is good.

Avail "Front Porch Stories" (Fat) Remember when the Blues Brothers ended up in a Honky Tonk and had to play something other than Blues to survive? Avail brings to mind an Emo band who has to play their same post-punk, oddly constructed soul-searching anthems in a badass, ballsy rockin' style to appease a rough assed crowd.

Kevin Ayers "Still Life With Guitar (Market Square) A reissue of an album by a former Soft Machine member where he does what a lot of grown-up, former rock dudes do; he makes "mature," palatable singer/songwriter music. I am currently not mature enough to appreciate this.

MC Paul Barman "Paullelujah!" (Coup D'etat 532 La Guardia Pl. #714 NYC 10012) Of course any super-clever, PoMo-Jewfro-post-Cuomo Hip Hop dissertation album will be kinda awful, but also kinda amazing. What it basically comes down to is a record with a sex song that hones in on the word "fallopian" has to get enough winner points in my book to get over. The best moments here surpass his EP, and the worst moments are better than Jim Belushi's "White Guy Rap."

Baseball Furies "greater than ever" (Big Neck POB 8144 Reston, VA 20195) This is trash rock that feels like being dropped in a metal garbage can, and sealed in as a dozen teamsters beat the can with aluminum bats. Thus their name, obviously.

Emil Beaulieau "Baby Songs" VHS (RRR 219 Central St. Lowell MA 01852) This video features Emil (the world's greatest living noise artist) making like the noise Mr. Rogers by putting on a sweater and tie before playing three noise deejay vinyl manipulations on his turbo-charged, three armed modified turntable. All songs contain the word baby and all made my baby initially cry before dozing off to drooling nirvana.

Betty Paginated zine (POB A1412 Sydney South, NSW 1235 Australia) Contains hundreds of nipples of hot, young girls and fat wrestlers.

Bryan Berg "Rockin' Horse" (no label) Berg is a Singer-Songwriter with good rhyming ability who is Rockin' (with subtlety).

Bif Naked "Purge" (Her Royal Majesty) This is an "Aw" record, as in "Aw-esome" and also "Aw-ful" and ultimately, "aw –what the hell? Play it again." Spiffy production makes pro-Pop out of sensitive and emotional silliness that would be more interesting but likely unlistenable in a rawer form. And Bif looks cool.

Blackouts "Myths & Imaginary Magicians" (Hopes and Nothings" POB 148010 Chicago IL 60614) Young and fresh (if not Black and out) this pretty much rules!

The Black Sea (Lovitt POB 248 Arlington, VA 22210) Spooky, moody music from a sea-hag filled sea that's far darker than black. I played this in my haunted house this Halloween and genuinely rattled a few kids.

Bleach "again, for the first time" (Tooth and Nail) Pop as pure and germ free as something soaked in the liquid of the same name. Sweet in several ways.

Blondie, From Punk To Present: A Pictorial History by Allan Metz (Musical Legacy Publications/Barnabas Publishing 072 East Bennett Street, Apt. D-11 Springfield, MO 65804) This massive piece-of-furniture of a book was compiled by a Blondie fanatic whose dayjob is as a reference librarian...and he proves it! This is an interesting reader of academic-esque treatises on 70s punk, superfan internet musings, interviews culled from a variety of sources, tons of photos and even some odd fan art of Debbie. The strength (or weakness if you ain't a diehard) is the focus on all the reunion stuff from the last few years as well as classic stuff. You really get to see how fans, critics and band members see the band now and that's an original perspective.

Bloody Beautiful magazine (BUA Productions 1701 Broadway #347 Vancouver, WA 98663) When the first issue of Bloody Beautiful was published it was such a lovely, well-designed, elaborate, focussed, remarkable testament to its subject matter (the aesthetics of turn-of-the-19th/20th-century cultural dandyism) that I would have been satisfied if it turned out to be a one-shot. The editor had plans for a periodical, but this labor intensive beauty, I feared, may have proven too much to keep up. I am so glad to be wrong. The second issue features men's fashions (spats, derby and top hat division), sheet music art (with an emphasis on everyone's second favorite bug-eyed, gay-acting Jew, Eddie Cantor [for you non-Rob Schneider fans he would be #1]) and profiles on some of the great characters of the early 20th century. These lost icons include the German–Japanese halfbreed poet/gadfly/arsonist Sadkichi Hartmann, and the star of the issue, English (via Africa) Big Band vocalist Al Bowlly. Though the amazing article on A.B. conveys powerfully the enthusiasm the editor and an English popular music historian have for Bowlly, the article doesn't fully explain why and how he is the Greatest Pop Singer of all Time. Thusly a lovely 10" blue vinyl record is included that features three enchanting vocals by Al Bowlly, including a Hawaiian number, plus other period performers exploring German, sissy and other motifs. Once again this proves to be one of the best periodicals published in the last 100 years and I urge you all to seek it out fervently.

Blowtops "Blackstatic" (Big Neck POB 8144 Reston, VA 20195) If the scummiest, oldest residue on a pot pipe could record an album, and it was awesome, this is what it would sound like.

Blues Collection – Live At Wilebeski's DVD (MVD) Dr. John, John Lee Hooker and some guys you never heard play Blues in Europe in the era of headbands and Miami Vice fashions on pick-up musicians. Good in many ways, but hard to watch from a fashion stand-point (and the bonus material is insipid in an almost charming way – lists of best artists ever, etc.)

Bombardiranje New Yorka 7 (Slusaj najglasnije! Teskovec 27c 10090 Zagreb Croatia) The latest installment of this Croatian punk/rock.whatever compilations series is bigger and crazier than ever...and slicker with fancy packaging! Bands this time include the great Lou Profa, Stomak and even the American act Reckless Bastards.

Bon Voyage "The Right Amount" (Tooth and Nail) Wispy, dreamy, sweetly sappy. *Tres Bon, oui*?

Bosco & Jorge "Ally In The Sky" (sixgunlover 3203 Overcup Oak Austin TX 78704) Though their name invokes the hillbilly hokum genius of Homer & Jethro, this is in fact densely layered acoustic guitar smart-people music.

Boxingwater "no voice will go unheard" (Spent 444 Humphrey St. 50 Swampscott MA 01907) Emotional hardcore with some sweet brutality to it.

Brainscan zine (POB 14332 Portland, OR 97293) A personal zine that realizes the personal is political and that zinemaking and activism are really intertwined.

Brazil "Dasien" (Fearless 13772 Goldenwest St. #545 Westminster, CA 92683) As freaky as the movie of the same name, though not as dance-friendly as the music from the country of the same name, but nonethelss an amzingly strange, rich, sexy, disturbing slab of rock pastiche.

Brokeback "Look At The Birds" (Thrill Jockey) Creepy, ooky spaghetti Western music for a subtle Spaghetti western. Where Clint just looks at people funny instead of shooting them.

Brother Brick "The Same" b/w "Chip On My Shoulder" (Rockin House POB 12705 Reading, PA 19612-2705) Rocks like a brick shit house!

Bruce Lee – The Legend Lives On... DVD (Waterfall) A Bruce Lee documentary that seems cheap in ways, but manages to talk to EVERYONE and has that great lost Karrem fight footage that AMC showcased last year. Strong on the Hollywood era of Bruce, with great interviews with Green Hornet and Ironsides co-stars. Other interviews include Jackie Chan, James Coburn, Brandon Lee and Bruce's brother,

Bud E. Luv "Diary Of A Loungeman" (Oglio) Lounge versions of Ozzy/Sabbath songs...ha ha ha. What makes this really bad is that he's not a good lounge singer. His voice isn't that good and he doesn't even have the charm of a mediocre singer/showman (think Bill Murray's "Nick" who was the father of this now tired shtick).

Chris Butler "The Musum Of Me" (Future Fossil POB 6248 Hoboken NJ 07030) This CD by ex-Waitress leader Chris Butler is as much about the history of recording devices as it is about the songs he has recorded on them. At one time Edison wax cylinders were the state of the art as far as recording went, and Chris has used the limitations (and advantages?) of such equipment to create a sonic history lesson. Some other arcane instruments utilized are a steel wire recorder, a 7" vinyl mastering lathe, and the Rolling Stones Mobile recording truck! And, oh yeah, the songs are pretty damn good, too.

The Bygones "Circles" (Derailleur POB 10276 Columbus, OH 43201) Kinda fake barroom country and western, but then again, these guys sound like they know their way around a barroom so maybe I can cut them some slack on the twang.

The Carribbean "history's first know-it-all" (Tomlab) Flutterry slightly odd pop as thin as an industrial slicer is capable of cutting honey-baked ham...and just as sweet.

Cannibal Corpse "Worm Infested" (Metal Blade) Corpsegrinder seems to be almost subtly brutal in his vocal approach this time out, and there's something really interesting about the way the drums and guitars leave a little space to breath. This is some of the most exquisite necrophilia metal you'll hear this century!

Capitol City "Am I Invisible" (Near by Music POB 441448 Somerville, MA 02144) Delicate but gutsy indie pop that puts the lowercase back in Capitol and the Country back in City.

Cargo Cult "Strange Men Bearing Gifts" (Touch and Go) This is a reissue of the ex-Big Boys, pre-Jesus Lizard project that could perhaps have remained un-reissued. Trying too hard to get away from hardcore this Goths it up in ways that are nowhere near as funny as TSOL's necrophelic similar endeavors. I'm glad I didn't buy this in '86.

Cashiers du Cinemart zine (POB 2401 Riverview, MI 48192) This is my favorite movie zine because they give serious, intelligent, funny props to Paul Williams, *The Forbidden Zone* and *Dude, Where's My Car?*

Catch Me If You Can soundtrack (Dreamworks) John Williams does Detective Jazz but it's just as manipulative as usual, with Sinatra, Dusty Springfield and other undeniably cool tracks rounding out the CD.

Chalet Chalet (Walk In Cold 8408 Lakeside Dr. Downers Grove, IL 60516) Genius jerk-out futuristic no-wave music.

Champion sampler (High School Champion POB 86003-670 Bloor St. West Toronto, ONT CAN M6G 1L0) Lots of bands on this sampler are OK, but Christiana really stand out as desperately weird and intense. Also good: Currently In These United States and Folk Festival Massacre.

James Chance "irresistible impulse" (Tiger Style 401 Broadway 26th Fl. NYC 10013) I've only heard a sampler from this massive Chance box set, but it was enough to remind me that the genius of No-Wave Soul Sax created the best music to mis-dance to ever perpetrated. This is funky freak audio that gives the two-left-feeted an excuse to let loose. This James deconstructed the real James without actually taking the funk/Soul apart. This will be one of the most important box-sets released this year.

Cheater Slicks "yer last record" (In The Red) Like having a wet dream during a nightmare!

Christiana "Fatigue Kills" (High School Champion) Music so dull it couldn't cut butter. And I liked their one track I heard on a compilation. Go figure..

The CIA Makes Science Fiction Unexciting ($1, Microcosm POB 14332 Portland, OR 97293-0332) This snazzy pamphlet about MLK's assassination and the conspiracies around it is awesome because, as the title states, CIA and FBI facts make the word "conspiracy" seem pretty moot. Worth your dollar.

The Clean "Anthology" (Merge POB 1235 Chapel Hill, NC 27514) The Clean are a band that pretty clearly understands the rewards offered by the practice of listening to "music." Hearing their first single "Tally Ho" in 1981 when it was recorded and released must have been exhilarating for listeners at the time. It still sounds great as do tons of other songs on this two disc collection. The Clean might have been the flagship of New Zealand indie-pop, but their origin is not important. The music on this CD, however, is

Clockwise "healthy manipulation" (RCA) Carney-style vocals (where the singer uses dramatic vibrato like carnival barker...picture the guy from Creed satying "step right up...see the mule-faced ,ady...") sprinkled with profanity that is somehow as embarrassing as hearing your grandma cuss.

Cocknoose "Badmen, Buthcers and Bleeders" (TKO 3126 W. Cary St. #303 Richmond, VA 23221) A rerelease of one of the bloodiest, ugliest Scum Rock/barroom brawl soundtrack albums ever.

Stud Cole "Burn Baby Burn" (Norton) Wow. OK, this is a Blues-esue collection by an obscure apparent nut-genius who persevered in writing and recording despite the entertainment industy's indifference (somewhat merited...these are not hit records). So noble Norton has now released some amazingly demented recordings. These 60s slabs by the rugged rocker are very strange to say the least. The forlorn bent notes on "Black Sun" aren't just bowed they are twisted in a pretzel...who knew guitars made such sounds? The bizarre "Burn Baby Burn" makes you want to get gasoline, oily rage AND a fire extinguisher...and then ingest all the contents. These are not regular records, Cole made wrong music and convinced his musicians around him just how to make the Blues conform to his particular wrongness. You have to hear this, just because if you don't you'll never know what the hell I'm talking about.

Colin's Sleazy Friends Rocks, Cooking with Porn Stars for the Holidays (MVD) Colin is an LA cable access guy who get sporn stars and rock stars to touch each other while he makes rude jokes on TV. Obviously a winning combo, and though his new DVD focuses too much on crappy Rage Rock Nu metal bands, he does hang with some cool 80s Hair Metal dudes as well. His other project is to go to porn stars houses with a camera and have them take off their clothes and cook food (rarely do they give Julia Child a run for her money in the kitchen, but then again, I wouldn't want to see Julia do a three way withj Emeril and Morimoto, though I guess her recently acquired hunchback may hold appeal to some fetishists...). Any how, this is kind of interesting because they are really doing this out of a sense of humor and "community" and other werrd vibes, and you get to see the porn ladies trying to act funny and be casual scenesters and hang out, and you see how Midwestern they really are...That said, the way most of them act is moot because you will only remember the segment where Tabitha Stevens (I get it...a Bewitched reference) makes cookies while joke-lactating (?!) and getting high. Hard to watch, but hard to turn off stuff. When I turned this off, by the way, there wa s rerun of "Seinfeld" on where Colin was playing a creepy OTB cashier that ogles Julia Dreyfus.

The Color Red "Clear" (RCA) Color me bored.

Come On "Disneyland + (Heliocentric, heliocd.com) Come On was a band in the New Wave era of New York downtown that time forgot, but you can remember if you pick up these newly unearthed recordings. George Elliot (who is redistributing the stuff) was a Klaus Nomi collaborator, art-rocker and scenester originale, and his band Come On made some funny, super-catchy pop-New Wave that was smart about stupid subject matter (they are mad at Mickey Mouse for snubbing them at Disneyland, and they pay tribute to "Leave It To Beaver," drugs and immaturity). These are previously unissued demos from 1977-79 and fans of the New York scene of that era should really check these out.

Comixville zine ($1, POB 697 Portland, OR 97207-0697)This is an excellent guide to mini-comix/indie self-published comic books, and it addition to decent descriptions it more importantly features just enough reprint from each book to give you a real flavor for the artwork and writing of each. This is an excellent, well-designed resource that will lead you to a great deal of obscure, super-talented people.

Concubine Forming 'Stiff" ep (Big Neck POB 8144 Reston, VA 20196) Short walls of beautifully angry noise form a cubicle of nasty rock!

The Convulsions "Come and Get It! (www.convulsions.com) Live Soul Rock that takes R&B from Chicago ships it to England, sends it back here with an English guy and goes to little clubs to make people dance.

Cooterfinger "Smells Like Rock N' Roll" (Illbilly POB 924 Blue Ridge., GA 30513) Quirky novelty pop that tells truths about Rock n Roll, karma and the trick where you pull a quarter from someone's ear. These songs are winners and unless you send this dude $3 for your copy you are a loser.

Copper Press (POB 1601 Acme, MI 49610) Interesting interviews with bands that often make boring music, so this is a very impressive Indie Rock publication.

Corleones "Soundtrack To Suicide" (Sickboy POB 2464 SLC, UT 84110) New York Dolls-fueled aggressive bar-rock. Snotty punk that occasionally blows its nose.

Coronet Blue (Laughing Outlaw Records) Meaty, yet spare, rock-pop that invokes a gritty fantasy of what 70s radio rock

shoulda been. Lots of slinky, creepy, evil undertones, but none of the regal excess often associated with music that Satan seems to have inspired.

Crank Yankers Vol. 2 (Comedy Central Records 1775 Broadway NYC 10019) Not as funny as volume one, but there's some memorable phone pranks here. A dirty rapper trying to sell sex poems to Hallmark being met by a receptionist bored enough to listen to dozens of audition card scripts is good. And best is an elderly, toothless woman offering sex to a young stockboy at a supermarket who won't rule out a tryst (he asks her to come down to the store, willing to see if she looks OK before making a decision). Although these are mostly professional comedians, once again the best stuff comes from some Southern "amateurs" who infilitrated a FedEX consumer service line. Sadly, my fave standup, Sara Silverman, ain't too funny as a phone prankster.

Crimewave USA zine ($3, POB 980301 Ypsilanti, MI 48198) If you don't like the Rock & Roll comedy vibe of this zine you and I wont be Homies Forever.

Crimson Sweet "Livin' In Strut" (On/On Switch) Super sweet and more Crimson than Hagar is Red. This is the New Yorkest band out there and they ooze dirty, gutter Soul! You'll dig!

Crooked Fingers "Red Devil Dawn" (Merge) This is the dude from Archers of Loaf, who I considered generic indie rock, but this album is like Harry Chapin or something. If you can get past the guy's new beard (and Jim Croce's moustache, while you're at it) this might be for you.

Crybabies "How The Other Half Lives" (Dino POB 802 Northhampton MA 01060) Crying some joyful, genuine Garage magic music. You could really do beer bongs and drunk dancing to this music!

The C*nts "La La La" (Disturbing 3238 S. Racine Chicago IL 60608) I'm not sure what the asterisk is blocking out, but I know it ain't an "A" because there is nothing this historical Chicago punk band CAN'T do! Raw, garagey super-stupid punk, highlighted by the mumbly title track, and the so-fucked-it's-almost-progressive "Custom Dollrod," this is a great slab of Moron Music for the whole family! Except for children and old people.

The Cynics "Living Is The Best Revenge" (Get Hip) The title sez it all, bub. When The Cynics packed it in after possibly their finest album, "Get Our Way" (Which was as good or better than 1990's outstanding "Rock n'' Roll"), fans and detractors alike assumed they'd heard their last blast. Eight years later, The Cynics are back with a vengeance, both on stage and on record, with wax that's as hot as "Get Our Way," "Rock n' Roll," and even the Texas sun that overlooked the proceedings. The core group of Michael Kastelic (Vocals), Gregg Kostelich (guitar), and Thomas Hohn (who drummed in the "Rock n' Roll"-era Cynics), plus new bassist Smith Harper Hutchings, are all set to fry your skull with some amazing, just Psychedelic enuff Garage Punk. Their new songs come on like anthems, directed at any assholes who called 'em " Old and in the way," and the usual suspects, (lyin', cheatin' gurlfriends and so forth). Rock-hard pounders like "Turn Me Loose," "I Got Time" and "The Tone," the occasional Folk Rock ballad ("Marianne," "Ballad of J.C. Holmes") and some choice covers ("Making Deals" by The Satans, "She Lives (In a Time of Her Own)" by The 13th Floor Elevators, and The Electric Prunes' "You've Never Had it Better") make for a package that's as hot and steamy as a fresh bag of sliders. If you missed out on 'em last time, or even if you didn't, now's the time to catch 'em in their prime!

The Damnwells "pmr+1" (In Music We Trust 15213 SE Bevington Ave Portland OR 97267) Dullwell.

Damnation "The Unholy Sounds Of..." (RAFR 11054 Ventura Blvd. #205 Studio City, CA 91604) To quote Florida Evans, "Damn,...damn...DAMN!" Sounds like the contemporary Misfits meet Social Distortion meet that bar band that was playing when you lost your favorite tooth in a fight.

Damone "From The Attic" (RCA) More authentic teen rock than April Lavigne, but not *way* more authentic. And I like April Lavigne, so I'm not putting this down.

Dan Melchior's Broke Review "Bitterness, Spite, Rage & Scorn" (In The red 1118 W. Magnolia Blvd. POB #208 Burbank, CA 91506) This is seasick music...this record comes pre-warped...this is regular music curdled and turned wrong with brilliance. This is Blues that is closer to the orange of the sawdust they throw on vomit than it is to blue.

The Dao Son For (Country Club Records) Experimental cartoon soundtrack-style Happy-Chaos-Jazz that sounds like a 50's detective show soundtrack where the detective has to solve a futuristic Prog crime. And the detective is occasionally be assisted by a whiny, Indie Rock sidekick.

Daycare Swindlers "Heathen Radio" (Go Kart POB 20 Prince St. Station NYC 10012) The vibe from the all ages club (via 80s) collides with the pub (via any year) and you end up with some superfast Punk n Roll that's as joyful as an Oi! Comp, as immediate as a hardcore 7" and as absurd as Rock & Roll is supposed to be.

Dead End Kids "Demo #1" (POB 33664 Seattle, WA 98133) Remarkably vital and original teenage punk that doesn't sound like pop or like hardcore and demonstrates the best way to make music without being good a instruments...just do it and make sure it conveys your joy and energy. Cracking adolescent voices don't hurt, either.

Dead Meadow "Got Live If You Want It" (Bomp POB 7112 Burbank, CA 91510) Live in a mausoleum it sounds like! Gods from a sludgy powerful mountain play potentially evil riffage that will rattle your foundation...slowly!

Dead Tree: Mutants, Dead Tree: Crazy, Dead Tree Presents The American Funeral Home (140 South Buena Vista St. suite K Burbank, CA 91505) Dead Tree is apparently a minicomix title that collects the work of five artists. The Mutants comic was a kinda bad comp. The "Crazy" issue was better, though the narratives were pretty loose (I guess they were "crazy") but the good art, especially by Tony Ianaro, made this a fun looksee. The death themed "Funeral" book was pretty good. Matthew Carter and Patrick Williams made some pretty expressive gory vignettes and something I didn't understand about mannequin graves looked cool, too.

Deadweight "half-wit anthems" (Nuttsactor POB 170421 SF CA 94117) Strange, bubbling weirdo music that rocks and does some rolling, like a witches brew coming to a roiling boil. Scary fun.

the deepsteps "her Artifact" (Snowy, deepsteps.com) Kinda Southern Rock from I'm guessing Northern Chicago. And it's good!

Demon Hunter (Solid State) Wow! Ultra-brutal Nuevo-Metal nastiness that uses a bloody storm of Christian righteousness to attack Satanic Metal and make it see the heavy light! What a concept! Slipknotty but tighter knots and heavier slippage!

"Demons" "Stockholm Slump" (Gearhead POB 421219 SF, CA 94112) This rocks like being hit in the head with stones...but you are being pummeled to a groove. Hooky, heavy and hellified Swede sweetness.

Demons Of The Fall sampler (Century 2323 W. El Segundo Blvd. Hawthorne, CA 90250) A great extremeEvil/Dark collection of music with standout tracks by Arch Enemy, Sentenced and The Forsaken.

DFI (Honey Bear) Don't be fooled by the Weezer art work on the CD, this is a nerdy version of shredding Metal-core, with ripping riffs and leads, that breaks all the Metal rules with use of electronics and Veganism.

Diplomats of Solid Sound "Alligator Boogaloo" ep (Buttefly) Instrumental Soul sounding like Booker T. making ends meet at a strip joint. Really good and really subtly raunchy.

Dirt Bike Annie "It Ain't Easy Bein' Single"(Dirtnap POB 21249 Seattle WA 98111) This is the junkfood of pop punk...wholsomely degenerate Archies tunes with equal parts early punk rock spirit and Little Rascals "Let's put on a show" spirit.

Dirty Power (Dead Teenager POB 470153 SF, CA 94147) Full on Dude Rock with wailing and /or pummeling guitar and gruff, "in your face" Dude Rock singing. They have a song called "Lady Danzig!"

Dirty Three "She Has No Strings Apollo" (Touch and Go) Moodier then dirty.

The Distraction "Calling All Radios" (Dirtnap pOB 21249 Seattle, WA 98111) The perfect work of desperate 70s American spare-punk recreationists.

Discontent (Disaster) Gnarly streetpunk that scared me.

Willie Dixon "I Am the Blues" (MVD) A low-key, but impressive concert video of later period Dixon being a noble, powerful elder statesmen of the Blues. One of the smarter men in the business, he knew what was good, so its not surprising he knew how to put ona good show throughout his career and enthusiasts from the tourist Blues fans to the hardcores will enjoy this.

D.O.A. "Win The Battle" (Sudden Death Moscrop POBox #43001 Burnaby BC Canada V5G 3H0) Nothing wrong with retarded lyrics coupled with the timeless p-rock of D.O.A. 25 years of brilliant punk stupidityis still going strong with this new release that weighs global political concerns and beer concerns equally.

Douglas Kings "3 Bucks" (Evil Owl/Posing Toad POB 577909 Chicago, IL 606018) Meaty, sinewy, muscular, yet graceful, offerings. Much like the deer they feature on the cover.

Drive like Jehu "Yank Crime" (Swami) Reish of a band that was unjustly obscure a decade ago, but are also maybe not obscure enough now. Difficult, abrasive rock music that somehow sounds too much like regular music (albeit, regular music gone amok).

The Driving Stupid "Horror Asparagus Stories" (Sundazed P.O. Box 85, Coxsackie, NY, 12051) Up until now The Driving Stupid were little more than a figment of the imagination. Releasing just one insane 45 in 1966, which had massive potential in its possible appeal to underground radio and Dr. Demento (who did play it much later). A twisted Garage/Novelty number that made Napolean XIV sound well-adjusted, "Horror Asparagus Stories'" legend grew in later years via (alleged) inclusion on "Pebbles 3: The Acid Gallery" (I say "alleged" because it's listed, yet does not appear, on my original vinyl copy, which I suppose enhanced the mystery...). Some more years pass, and the word gets out that The Driving Stupid were a real band (due to a nonexistent promo campaign, the band was written off as a clever studio concoction.) and they actually recorded an entire album's worth of similar material. Not only that, but they had based themselves in Hollywood, hoping to strike it rich! Well, in a better world, a teen Garage Punk band with no visible peers (save for possibly The Fugs, Beefheart, or Zappa., who would have probably signed them to Straight had they held out a couple more years.) and an apparent disdain for natural structure (much like a then-new Red Crayola), turning Folk Rock patterns inside out, but coming up with a sound that's more a precursor to The Cramps.. The lyrics are often hilarious, though not in a "Look at me! I'm weird!" way, and songs like "Green Things Have Entered My Skin, Gladys," "I'm Gonna Bash Your Brains In" (the Summer of Love had yet to arrive.) and " We've Come To Take The Earth Away" (told from a space alien's point of view) actually live up to their names. The band's story, as told here by original member, Roger Kelley, is fascinating. Bands like this have never grown on trees, even in the supposedly free-thinking 60's, but I would have been proud to have been able to say, " Hey, that was my band!"

Dropdead/Totalitär split (Prank POB 410892 SF, CA 94141) Totalitär are from some place where they use a lot of umlauts, and they play supercharged, ultrapowerful hardcore in their native language which all translates to convincing you that whatever they are furiously angry at you agree with. Dropdead have been one of my favorite bands for years, creating intense, hummingbird-metabolism punk grind metal noise that implies that the music accomponying the four horseman in the wake of the Rapture wont be as pretty as Bible folk imagine.

Duchess Of Saigon "Easter Queen" (SS Records 1114-21st St. Sacramento CA 95814) Super-bad but really funny. Hard to describe, but the arrangement and the singing are totally off-kilter and made me smile.

Dudley by Shithead (UFA 335 Court St. #16 Brooklyn, NY 11231) Howard the Duck gets blunted.

Dum "Play Dum" (Uncle Rat POB 585 St. James NY 11780, www.dumBAND.com) This is totally a good CD...here's the deal, but don't tell anyone: Rocktober's beloved Long Island heroes The Good Rats have renamed themselves and are cleverly marketing themselves by not showing middle-aged, stout and hairy Peppi in the video or artwork, instead concentrating on his more photogenic sons. BUT the music is the same, and this album covers a number of treasures form the ratalogue, including "Mr. Mechanic" and "Joey Ferrari. The hit here is a beer drinking anthem, but everything on this is great and Peppi's voice is still amazing.

Earlimart "The Avenues E.P." (Palm POB 65095 LA, CA 90065) Lush productions by someone so hurt by love you would expect him too be a lush, but he turned to the multitrack recording studio instead of the bottle, and fans of densely layered Post-something melody songs are richer for it.

Electroshockbox "microscope Lab," plus tour DVD (Tron D. 345 S. Connvent Tucson, AZ 85719) A guitar, a stuffed rooster, some machines that make weird sounds and an attitude! One Man bandism that makes you nostalgic for the future!

Element 101 "More Than Motion" (Tooth and Nail) Whoa...way too Steely Dan wannabe for me!

George Elliot "Heaven-Hi Hel-Lo," "Novus Domus" (Helio CD) "Novus" uses vintage keyboards sounds for awesome Eno/Cluster/Kraut-rock vibes. "Heaven-Hi" has George playing some really pretty, sophisticated pop-rock (a couple of covers but mostly amazing originals) and it is impressive, quirky and inspiring.

The Epidemic "Nowmuseum:Nowyoudon't" (Ohev POB 772121 Corla Springs FL 33077) Weird jittery germs. The Epidemic...catch it!

Roky Erickson & The Aliens "The Evil One" (plus one) (Sympathy For The Record Industry) This'z a real sweet, budget priced double CD package that could be just as easily recommended to newcomers as to completists. Disc One contains the entire CBS U.K./415 U.S. released output by Roky and his celebrated band of loonies, The Aliens. If you're much of a fan, chances are you have all this stuff, but it's been out of print for ages and much of it was never comped stateside. It's all essential stuff. Disc Two is where the fun really begins, with one of the more sympathetic radio interviews with Roky I've heard. It's not as crazed as the legendary KSAN interview (though these guys don't talk down to Roky the way Howie Klein, who incidentally got kicked off KSAN for telling the members of Crime "WE OWN THE AIR!," did.), but he gets in some doozies, name-dropping right down the line (The Who, Roy Orbison, Elvis, Little Richard, Lenny Bruce Shelly Berman, Lon Chaney, Jr., Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Tor Johnson AND Ed Wood are all accounted for, plus Roky waxes enthusiastic about his stint with The Nervebreakers!), but the real treat is this disc contains several rare and unreleased outtake and demo recordings (plus a few single tracks that were re-released by New Rose with fr'shit sound... I did learn, later, that some of this stuff was mastered at the wrong speed, but I ain't Don Kirschner, and neither are you.) to go with Roky fielding phone calls (with hilarious results) and discussing his future music plans (It was 1979, The Sex Pistols had recently done their last gig in the city where this interview was conducted, and they failed to close with Roky's fave, "Hot Cars."). Having this stuff is the next best thing to finding a copy of Roky's most elusive track, "President Ford is a Square Queer."

Estrogenocide (m.h. records 36 Central Park Rd. Palinview, NY 11803) So amazingly bad ("Kick That Cunt In The Cunt" is one song, and every tune is just super minimal electronic beats and keyboards that sound almost exactly the same. Hitler is hypothetically praised) that you can't actually call it bad.

Eternity's Children (Rev-Ola) Appropriately obscure pussy-pop pseudo psyche band from Mississippi in the late 60s has its first reissue ever. There are some impressively lush pop moments on this, but this definitely makes my "inessential reissue" list.

Even The Ether "Great Ocean Road" (POB 35125 Phila PA 19128) Ether I put the wrong CD in or this is the most boring band ever.

The Exies "inertia" (Virgin) Ecchy

Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish (Supervert, www.supervert.com) This novel combines the clinical feel of a computer manual with the foul-mouthed groove of a Larry Flynt publication narrative sex tale to make a truly original dirty book. This actually is about an alien sex fiend (not the Batcave band...a dude who has an unachievable fetish about fucking space creatures!) and it is an original and if you can masturbate to it you are a better man (or alien) than I.

Fable Factory "Freak Out hard On You" (HHBTM) Feeble Factory!

Fabulous Disaster "Panty Raid" (Pink & Black) Tuff girl pop punk with nice fake harmonies (they don't really harmonize, but their voices sound pretty sweet, in a gruff way, when they sing together). I would be scared of these gals' panties.

Fast "Best Of The Fast 1976-1984" (Munster) The Fast are pretty much my favorite 70s New York club band; they mixed punk, Power Pop, Mod and the Little rascals into one of the most joyous, theatrical packages ever perpetrated upon an audience. This is an import version of the semi-import (from Canada) album that came out a year or so back, but this adds the essential super-lo budget electronic cover of "Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart" and some crazy photos! Go out and get this Fast!

Feederz "Vandalism: Beautiful As A Rock In A Cop's face" (Broken POB 460402 SF, CA 94146) I was talking aobut the Feederz early 80s "hit" "Jesus Enters From the rear" with a group of aging hardcores the other day and they 3 out of 4 admitted to actually fearing that they were going to hell for liking the record. I don't know if their new release ahs me fearing hell, but it's a hell of a punk record. Not following trends, and full of righteous vitriol and wicked, warbly vocal delivery, this is the 21st century edition of the best stuff the Dead Kennedys were doing 3/4 into the 20th century.

D. Henry Fenton "Autumn Sweet" (Laughing Outlaw) D must stand for Don't miss out on this! Forlorn, yet forthright.

The Fenwicks "Truth and Memory" (thefenwicks.com) They boast of Afro, Funk, Folk, Yiddish, Klezmer, etc. influences, but whatever you mix with 90s style Ska it's still 90s style Ska. That said, this is a live album from a super party band that is goofy, energetic, silly, fun and good enough o pull off schtick. Worth a trip to the bar to see them no doubt. Should be called the FUNwicks!

The Feud "language is technology" (ipa 412 E. 11th St. suite 2RB NYC 10009) Progressive art music that seems to be made by people who are having fun (an art-music no-no). At the very least, they are willing to let the audience enjoy themselves as this music is infused with upbeat strange happy bubbles.

Fifty Foot Combo "Caffeine," "Go Hunting!" "Strike – The early Years 1994-2000)(Drunkabilly PB 57, 9050 Ledeberg 1-Belgium) Amazing surf music dripping with seductive evil brine. You could get a surfing Rock-n-Roll infection from paddling out in these waters!

Anton Fig "Figments" (Planula) The Figster showcases some weird world music/folk/progressive influences and celebrity guests. The Rock track with Ace Frehley and Sebastian Bach is epic but not convincingly rocking, enough. However, the drumming is always killer on the whole CD.

5¢ Deposit "We have Your Daughter" (Radical 77 Bleeker St. #C2-21 NYC 10012) Pop punk worth far more than a nickel! But not much more than a dollar.

Flamin' Groovies "Slow Death" (Norton) Contains all kindsa demos and fun stuff from '71 to '73, after "Teenage Head: and before they reemerged in 1975. These Loney-free cuts are in some ways just awesome, fun Rock-n-Roll (especially a boss cover of "Sweet Little Rock & Roller") but this also contains some prime Groovies weirdness, including a tough demo of "Shake Some Action" that has a raw vibe that makes the song seem pretty freaking deep and powerful. Making the package a

bargain are semi-coherent, completely entertaining massive liner notes by Groovies' guitarist Cyril. Flame on!

Flash Fest Wild Part Girls DVD (Eclectic) How can you be a cheapo version of "Girls Gone Wild" when "Girls Gone Wild" is two DVDs for $9?

FlashlightBrown "All That Glitters Is Mold" (www.flashlightbrown.com) As Brown as Sammy Hagar is Red! Flashes of awesome Browness!

Flipp "Volume" (Popularity/Artemis 2450 Colorado Ave suite 150 East Santa Monica CA 90404) Silly but somewhat charming hybrid of Cheap Trickisms with some heinous modernisms. Produced by the Everclear guy and managed by KISS' glory days' management co, these guys may have a chance, but I keep wishing this was better.

Floetry "Floetic" (Dreamworks) "Natural Soul" that's never as awful as their name.

The Flow Chronicles by the Urban Hermit (Microcosm) This Hermit is no crab, but she sure likes to make fun of hippies, new agers, punks and other absurd figures she's encountered as a traveler in the world of alternative, activist, whatever thinkers/doers. Funny stories and funnier put-downs...she's the D.I.Y. Don Rickles!

The Flowerpot Men "A Walk in The sky" (RPM) Not great late 60s British San Fan-wannabes perpetrate some toothless psyche music. With the proper drugs I might see the brilliance here, but this is too vanilla and clean...good psyche should act as a drug itself!

F.M. Knives "Useless and Modern" (moo-la-la 1114 21st St. Sacramento, CA 95814) Fresh, nasty shake-you-up Max's Kansas City punk with great everything (drumming, singing, guitar, attiTUDE). Cuts like a knife, and it feels so GLORIOUSLY WRONG!

Foo Fighters "One By One" (RCA) Foo-er than ever!

Forcefield "Roggaboggas" (Load POB 35 Providence, RI 02901) This is actual art. Genius electroni-farts that give relief and joy to the fartee and the farter. To misquote Gayle Sayers, "I love Forcefield and I want you to love them too!" This "music" is wrong...and I don't wanna be right.

The Forms "Icarus" (Threespheres POB 349 Brooklyn NY 11222) This stuff forms... in someone's bowels.

Thomas and Richard Frost "Visualize" (Rev-Ola) Late 60s, early 70s Walker Brothers style lush pop from these San Franers who somehow made an album that forgot the Beatles and treated early BeeGees with the respect they deserve. A reissue of a record I never heard of but now covet.

Fourth Rotor 'Seize" (Electric Noise 2842 N. Springfield Ave. Chicago IL 60618) Gritty, mature political punk that avoids emo-style "progressive" un-rocking time-changes, but doesn't shy away from words like "denunciation" and "flaccid." So it can rock your ass while helping you with your vocabulary and current events homework.

Fracture magazzine Unit 100 61 Wellfield Rd. Cardiff, CF24 3DG UK) The Brit equivalent of MRR looks pretty slick but maintains the same vibeas their American kin –they are hard to follow!

Larry Francis (pob 811 Village Station NYC 10014) Emotional acoustic guitar songwriter music with nice references to interesting 60s music (Rock & Roll stuuff as well as balladeer stuuff) showcased in a good, interesting recording.

Garlic "The Murky World of Seats" (bella) Dull early 90s Indie sprinkled with a little Bloodshot twang makes for a record far less versatile then the kitchen staple of the same name.

Garrison "The Model" (Iodine 1085 Commonwealth Ave. PMB 318 Boston MA 02215) Garrisnore.

The Gene Drayton Unit "Due Bottoni" b/w "Juicy Lucy" (Butterfly POB 31225 08080 Barcelona, Spain) The best tenor sax and handclap single in 38 years!

The Gene Pitney Story Retold (To M'Lou records) These are amazing songs that hold up absurdly well in these loving covers...a Cowsill here, a sparkle*jet there, and pretty soon you have a mighty album. Highlights are the Deviants reverently irreverent "Man Who Shot Liberty Valence," Al Kooper's mighty "One Day" and a haunting "Only Love Can Break A Heart" by Sleeping Giant.

Genetic Disorder zine (POB 15237 SD, CA 92175) This zine went from good to wicked good by running several pages of 70s and 80s skull motif punk logos!

The Gloryholes "Want A Divorce" (Dirtnap) Genuine rock & roll that will make all your holes happy! When they say "yeah' and "whoo" you will too!

Dana Glover "testimony" (Dreamworks) This is awful! Aren't there enough actual Black people making middle of the road Gospel influenced Soul that we don't need another average white lady doing it?

The Goons "Live at the Black Cat" (Squirrel Heart POB 5871 Arlington, VA 22205) Super-fast, super-good, fat-guy-with-a-Mohawk punk! They are from DC, but they don't intellectualize why punk rock rocks. This is a brutal live album.

Gordian Knot "Emergency" (Sensory POB 388 Vorhees, NJ 08043-0388) Prog Rock meets Rage Rock. Prage rock! This is a dude on Chapman Stick backed by King Crimson and Yes and Genesis dudes. To misquote "Wayne's World" *"Knot!"*

Goy "s/t," "Solo Stuff" (dotancohen@hotmail.com) Goy is an experimental, unusual One Man Band form England, and his CD is a delightfully confusing challenge. He also was involved in the concert/CD "Solo Stuff," which also features solo projects that include dramatic spoken word, Noise and even freakidized World Music.

Graffiti Rock DVD (MVD) I AM WRITING IN ALL CAPS BECAUSE OF ALL THE REVIEWS THIS ISSUE, THIS IS THE ONLY ONE YOU HAVE TO BUY! IF YOU DON'T HAVE A DVD PLAYER YOU NEED TO BUY ONE OF THOSE AND THIS! THIS IS A PRESENTATION OF A NOT-READY-FOR-TV (IN THE 80S) PILOT FOR A HIP-HOP AMERICAN BANDSTAND. NERDY MICHAEL HOLMAN (THE MAN BEHIND THE SHOW AND DVD) HOSTS A GROUP OF NEW YORK HIPSTERS AND B-BOYS (INCLUDING DEBI MAZAR AND "PRINCE VINCE" GALLO) THROUGH A BRILLIANTLY AWKWARD CARTOONLIKE DANCE SHOW. THOUGH HOLMAN IS THE HOST, TWO MEMBERS OF THE TREACHEROUS THREE ARE THE GREEK MUSES, RAP-INTROING SEGMENTS. A REAL HIGHLIGHT IS WHEN, AFTER RUN-DMC'S GREAT PERFORMANCE, RUN AND DMC CHALLENGE THE TREACHEROUS TWO TO A BATTLE. WHAT IS SO SWEET IS THAT IT IS PALPABLE HOW MUCH BETTER RUN IS THEN DMC AND HOW MUCH BETTER KOOL MOE DEE IS THEN THE OTHER TREACHEROUS GUY. FOR THOSE WHO DON'T BELIEVE RAP TAKES TALENT THIS SHOULD REMEDY THAT "HATING." THE OTHER BEST SEGMENT IS THE NEW YOUR CITY BREAKERS, IN SUPERHERO OUTFITS THAT LEAVE LITTLE TO THE IMAGINATION, DOING THEIR B-BOY TRICKS. ALSO LOOK FOR HIP HOP SLANG POPPING UP LIKE "POW" ON THE BATMAN SHOW, AND LOOK FOR SHANNON TO POP A BREAK DANCER WITH HER BEADED HAIR WHEN SHE TAKES HER FINAL BOW. THE BONUS MATERIAL IS SUBSTANTIAL, BUT NOWHERE NEAR AS GOOD. THOUGH DOUG E. FRESH DOES A GREAT HUMAN BEAT BOX ROUTINE, AND BAMBAATTAA, FAB 5 FREDDY AND OTHER LUMINARIES POP UP IN GRAINY HOME VIDEO.

Grain USA 'over the counter culture" (Disposable Pop) Catchy (in a nerdy sort of way) music that channels Big Dipper and the Embarrassment. Good cowbell!

Greenhornes "Dual Mono" (Telstar pob 1123 Hoboken, NJ 07030) Authentic-sounding sixties Garage kids have in a few short years morphed into drunk, damaged MORE AUTHENTIC 60s GARAGE journeymen, laying some sweet music down, but with an almost jaded, tired edge to it.

Guided By Voices "Some Drinking Implied" DVD (MVD) Some actual cool videos mixed with some local band bullshit and some low-budget GBV bullshit actually makes for a pretty inebriated, fun Ohio goof-rock experience. Fans of the band wont feel ripped off by this purchase (unlike the other DVD on the market).

Gunshots In My Cook-Up by Selwyn Seyfu Hinds (Atria Books) Don't judge a book by it's cover...this really doesn't look like a Hip hop history book from the photo on the front. Mr. Hinds isn't wearing a thread of FUBU or Sean Jean! Which is a decent indication of how this book differs from other Hip Hop tomes; as a veteran promoter and journalist Hinds has seen the bullshit side of the culture as well as the glories, and he's way past fronting. There's a lot of interesting essays here about Hip Hop and race, American culture as seen from a Caribbean immigrant's standpoint and anecdotes about the celebs (Wu Tang, Wyclef, and even Young Black Teenagers). However, the money shot here is a very lengthy piece about Hind's tenure as an editor at the Source, the important, and controversial, rap magazine. Just before Hinds arrived the entire staff quit because the publisher covertly slipped in a feature about his friend's rap act (amazingly, credibility is weighed heavily in Hip Hop journalism, I suppose to separate them from Black Beat and Right On!). After Hinds spends a few years getting the magazine back on track the publisher, under the influence of his "crew" pulls more of the same and the details of the story are compelling, pathetic and bizarre. Corruption and undue-influence stories in the record biz, and even in payola-radio scenarios, are a dime a dozen, but if you want to read about the goofy goings-on in newsstand-ville, this is the book for you.

Ollie Halsall "Caves" (Market Square) Vintage late 70s demos by a top brit session axeman who played with Gary Glitter. The first song is very rock & roll revival Glitteresque, but then he gets more interesting, while maintaining the bubbly vibe of a great, fun guitarist. Halsall plays all the instruments, multitracking, and he seems pretty good at everything (none of the clumsy drumming one sometimes gets with one man demos). Notable: He tackles the subject of "Airline Food" a few years before Seinfeld did.

Neil Hamburger "Laugh Out Lord" (Drag City/Glory Home) Neil devotes one 40th of his album to religious-themed comedy, and he is, to say the least, as funny as the clown with the scripture sign and the rainbow wig at sporting events. He seems a little more upbeat then the time he was stuck in Malaysia and his comedy reflects this new lease on life. Best of all he's done a few musical numbers based on his hit comedy routines, and if you ever heard the "Where's The Beef" novelty single you know

what I'm saying when I say, "Here's the beef...in musical comedy form!"

Har Mar Superstar "You Can Feel Me" (Warner Brothers) Remember when the Beastie Boys made parody rap that ultimately held up better then many "real" rap records of the day? Well I guess white people are just superior, because they've done it again. Har Mar's R. Kelly/smarmy R&B parody may prove more timeless then R. because Har Mar actually checks I.D.s in his lyrics before getting it on. But then again, R. Kelly's new unreleased remix is #1 on both Chicago R&B stations tonight, and one of the stations is playing the song twice in a row (!) every hour because of heavy demand, so maybe white folk still have a way to go. Even if he's no R., Har Mar is still up to par, buying the bar and smelling fresher then a new car!

Headmess "Puzzles" (funky tickle) Funky stupid fresh meets fucking stupid Hip Slop.

Jesse Hector and the Gatecrashers "Carolina" EP (Rockin House) Forty years of Rockabilly, punk, Mod and monkey music culminate in Hector still banging out raw, ridiculousness in his second half-century.

Hellacoptors "Cream Of The Crap Vol. 1" (Gearhead) Every 70s Rock song you like is recreated and cranked into two and a half dozen tracks that the Hells previously trickled out on comps and singles. Hella rockin'!

Hello Defective "plastic hearts" (element 115 POB 2754 OKC, OK 73101) Good, confident songwriting that results in bold, sometimes annoying, Pop rock. Catchy as Hell-o!

The Hentchmen "Three Time Infinity" (Norton) Hench-tastic! I have always loved the Henches, but considered them a singles band, just because their gloriously one-dimensional party Garage rock wasn't something I needed to hear more then two or three songs in a row. This great LP adds another dimension bringing the total up to two and making this a super listenable (and danceable) long-player , and being that I too am a l-o-n-g *player*, this is perfect for me!

Hope and Suicide "razorblade smile" (Ides of March POB 722 Wappingers Falls, NY 12590) Brutal metallic hardcore thrash that talks emo time-changes and applies the aesthetics of bloody, evil-core to them.

The Hope Conspiracy "Endnote" (Equal Vision) If this is supposed to nauseate me it works. Sour hardcore-esque chug-and-re-access music.

Hot Rod Circuit "been there smoked that" (Triple Crown 3331 W. 57th St. pmb 472 NYC 10019) As the kooky cover art implies, this is actually somewhat fun music even though the band is associated with Vagrant and emo and the like. This compiles rarities and an old EP and it's arguable hot and definitely got the "rod."

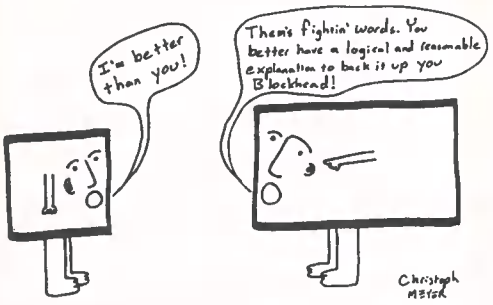
The Hunches "Yes. No. Shut It" (In The Red) Hunches in punches...to your face! Profoundly nasty (and not particularly stupid) trashy garage that gave me concussion.

i am spoonbender "Shown Actual Size" (GSL) Futuristic dance robot burp music

Iced Earth "Tribute To The Gods" (Century 2323 W. El Segundoo Blvd. Hawthorne, CA 90250) Iced Earth are an awesome band, and it's super cool to hear AC/DC, Kiss and Maiden covers done as if they were a straightforward cover band. This is not a collection of obscure favorites; they do the bigges thits by the biggest hard rock bands. Awesome fake bagpipe recreation on "It's A Long Way To Top If You Wanna Rock n Roll," and crazy KISS-like comic art on the cover!

Icons of Filth "Nostradamnedus" (Go Kart) 80s crusters return with pretty vintage, violent, spare, hardcore magic. Veers from scary to silly in a pit of perfect punk pulchritude.

The Immortal Lee County Killers "Love Is A Charm of powerful Trouble" (Estrus) Strange, ghostly futuristic/ancient Blues music that doesn't really sound like anything else. Doesn't really "rock" but will shake you up more than 10 speedmetal albums.



The Imp: Historietas Perversas by Dan Raeburn (5046 S. Blackstone #3 Chicago, IL 60615) Comic fans need to take note of this book, a treatise on one of the most interesting forms the medium has taken in recent years. Most significantly, it's a form most gringos may have overlooked. A little while back Mexico's comix industry followed the lead of the USA's and sexed up its comic books to try to compete with other youthful distractions (video games, movies wrestling). They succeeded where the US failed (in sales that is) by going to the extreme and making the comix pornographic, ultra-violent, drug-filled lurid tales of bizarre "justice," with sins being punished tenfold. Raeburn weaves a florid narrative that tells how he got involved in this world of overground underground Mexican comix. He even slinks his way South of the border and gives insight into the corrupt, monopoly that is Mexican comix industry, talking to artists, fans, scholars and the like. Most importantly, he reproduces full color excerpts of these comix on every other page, making for a book you can't read on the bus without hiding it in something less explicit, like Hustler. Raeburn's defensive disdain for academia's negative take on this sexist, homophobic body of work is understandable (he was attacked enough during the research of this book to open it with him being skewered at a college), but in fact Raeburn engages in interesting analysis of class and gender issues worthy of an inflated grade on today's campuses. For example, in the best story recounted in the book (a bizarre tale of "human tacos," in which a restaurant owner finds success when he starts wrapping fresh human corpse pieces in tortillas) Raeburn offers some interesting ideas on the "Mexican dream" as presented in these comix. Instead of riches and excess, offered as the ultimate goals in most American media, the heroes of this tale escape their predicament and open a humble, but successful, *taqueria*. Even more interesting is his exchanges with the artists who perpetrate these comix, who hate the work more than anyone. This is a must find for any historians or fans of comic books or brutally violent sex.

Inside Information compilaiton (Bubblewrapslabs 2108 Pleasant Ave. apt. 13 Minneapolis, MN 55404) As a rule I give good reviews to all vinyl, one sided, inside-out/backwards-groove comp LPs. But this one is especially excellent, as every band is a different cool genre. You got your Twee (Basement Apartment), shoegazer (The Kites), Garage Pop (Morningstars), Psyche Pop (The Fiction Four), Ugly Things-Garage (The Autumn Leaves) and Velvet Underground-core (The Pine Martin Group). Grooved me inside out!

Iron City Punk 3 compilation (Brave New Records) Super good punk comp from the Pittsburgh area. Even the bad punk bands from Pitt-town are awesome! Even the punk novelty song is awesome (kinda a ringer, it's by Anti-Flag). Even the girl punk band is awesome (they actually harmonize?!?). The bands you heard of (Aus Rotten, Deviants) are awesome AND the bands you never heard of (Byron Gill Trio, My Drunk Uncle) are awesome. Plus a bonus track by Half Life, which isn't actually as awesome as I remember it should be.

Isis "Oceanic (IpecacPOB 1197 Alemeda, CA 94501) I got super confused because therre was a group named Isis on Soul Train the day I got this and they were a heavily pierced Destiny's Child-type act. I couldn't figure out how they could be the same act that produced this slow, heavy epic nature music. Then I found out that Black girl act is spelled "Iysis." Now that's some bad spelling.

J Church "Palestine" (Honey bear) I was never smart enough to dig J. Church. This record is a benefit for a fire of some sort so buy it out of goodness.

Jett Brando "Jagged Junktion" (Go Kart) This guy is going to be bigger than Marlon Brando and more futuristic than Jett Screamer (and prettier then Jett Williams, Bosephus' ugly sister, but that's another tangent). This is what Brian Wilson would have done if he dug Tone Loc instead of male vocal groups. This is what Beck would do if he wasn't a dick. This is a monster-piece.

Jimmy George Band "She" (Smooth Wool 3333 Blake Street Unit F Denver CO 80205) Innovative emotional and somewhat unsettling (in its nakedness) acoustic soul. Creepy, lovely violin makes this pretty powerful.

Jive Chicken DVD (Under Dawg/Eclectic) A fairly dreary urban comedy about a brother struggling to keep alive his dream of running a terrible, subpar, ghetto chicken shack. The protagonist is charmless, which makes it hard to feel for him, but at time his insult driven comedy shows sparks of Robin Harris and Bernie Mac, and I certainly laughed a few times. This flick is twice as funny as "Third Strike," which got theatrical release, but that was the worst movie so far this century. The best part of this movie is the transitions that just feature a diverse group of pop lockers going at it. The DVD features bonus pop locking footage!

joan of arse "distant hearts, a little closer" (Flameshovel 1658 N. Milwaukee no 276 Chi IL 60647) Kicked my arse. Smoothly.

Junction 18 "Heroes From The Future" (Fearless) This has junc in the trunk! It rocks with feelings!

Philip Kane "Songs For Swinging Lovers" (Corrupt) A ruggeder Terrence Trent D'arby for the 21st century!.

Kicksville! Vol. 2 (Norton) Norton presents what they call "Raw Rockabilly Acetates," but what we have here is really a far more twisted offering then that description presents. These oddball tracks are what Dr. Demento would play if he had better facial hair, they are what the Martians are hopping to, they are the tracks that would have been on the "Sin Alley" and "Ho-Dad Hootennay" comps of yore. They are absurdly amazing and righteously wrong. This features a rare non-solo Hasil Adkins recording, and it also features amazing obscurities with names like "Bongo Guitar" and "Half Ton Mama," and a song the Nortonians promise is "Crudest acetate of all time." There's a band called Morty and the Morticians on this who play so insanely they can't catch up with themselves in the sonic equivalent of a Warner Brothers cartoon when a character's own legs run past themselves. Kicks my ville!

Kill-A-Watts "Let's Get High Voltage!" (Flying Bomb POB 971038 Ypsilanti, MI 48197) Sloppy superspeed punk that rattles you like a catalytic converter. So much treble it must be trouble!

Kill Henry Sugar "Sell This place" (Surprise Truck POB 4077 Hollywood CA 90078) Killer and sweet! Not sure what the "Henry" part of the name implies.

King-Cat Comics and Stories by John P. (www.king-cat.net) Lovely loving love-ful comix. And stuff about cats.

Kings Of Nuthin "Fight Songs..." (Disaster) Drunky punky Jump Blues inspired absurdity. Not genius but more fun than 87% of the bands I hear.

Klondike and York "White Out and the Blue Monk" b/w "Angry Gull" (weirdforest@yahoo.com) Just because the Jazz is Free doesn't mean you didn't pay too much. But seriously folks, hearing blurty sax/percussion Jazz on a color vinyl 7" is kinda cool, but this is not exactly material for my juke box.

Knockout "Searching For Solid Ground" (Fearless 13772 Goldenwest 545 Westminster CA 92683) Earned a technical knockout by putting me to sleep so I couldn't come out of my corner.

La Boheme on Broadway cast recording (Dreamworks) Sounds good, but I don't know Puccini from Poochie. This is Baz Luhrman's new production and the soundtrack appears to be an excellent opera recording, though what would I know. I don't think Christina and Pink will be wearing hooker gear in the video.

Lab Partners "daystar" (Big Beef POB 303 WBB Dayton OH 45409) Pretty, but boring. Pretty boring.

Jon Langford and his Sadies (Bloodshot) Pretty much like everything Langford does, this is pretty good – definitely on the same quality plateau as his numerous other projects that combine Country vibes with punk aesthetics. Effortlessly good.

Bill Laswell "Sacred System/Book Of Exit/Dub Chamber 4" (ROIR POB 501 Prince St. Station NYC 10012) From Laswell's "not funky" filing cabinet. This is "get baked and look at tropical fish" music.

The Lawnmowers "Fearless" (Good Ink POB 19645 Seattle WA 98109) Sounds like the lawn isn't the only "grass" they go for! Slow Pop that doesn't actually pop but gives you the effect nonetheless.

Lazy Lane "sea witch" ep (Butterfly) Like Lydia Lunch fronting a 60s psyche band late into the drug-filled night.

Lefty Jones Band S/T, "Factory Tape #3" (Saturday Records 233 E. 3rd St. #1A NYC 10009) Mellow bedroom band ponderings that invoke a bedroom in a field.

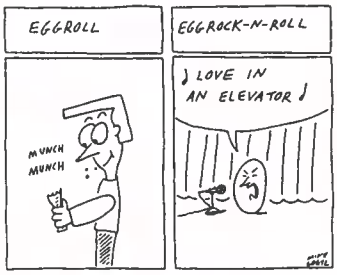
Legendary Pink Dots "All The King's Men" (ROIR POB 501 Prince Street station NYC 10012) As their one-sheet says they perpetrate "electronic psychedelic whimsy and Alice in Wonderland playful lush textural madness." Yet somehow, this is the most boring piece of bullshit I heard in all of 2002. Hmmm.

The Legendary Stardust Cowboy and The Altamont Boys "Nasa Presents...Tokyo" (Cracked Piston CRACKEDPISTONRECORDINGS.COM Or, send The Ledge a fan letter at: PO BOX 36305 San Jose, Ca. 95158) Q: Is this Deconstructivist Rockabilly or insane, non-introspective sorta Psychedelic Avant Garde? .A: Yes, Virginia, Certs is a breath mint AND a candy mint, and Rock n ' Roll IS the Avant Garde. Next question? Lubbock's #2 son returns to wreak havoc with his feared accomplices, The Altamont Boys (Dead Kennedys bassist, Klaus Flouride, drummer Joey Myers, late of Johnny Legend's band, and guitarist Jay Rosen, who's equally at home raving up Yardbirds-style or playing speedfreak Country / Rockabilly runs). They don't NEED lead-tipped pool cues to wreck the party. Of course, The Ledge is in no danger of growing up, but the grabber is that childlike perspective, coupled with a (somewhat) older man's determination o be seen and heard once again (of course, "Paralyzed," his one stab at the charts is hitting the 25 year mark, BUT, David Bowie, often quick to admit he adapted the "Stardust" moniker from our boy, recently put his money where his mouth is by covering "I Took a Trip (In The Gemini Space Capsule)" and even having him perform at his big megafest in England...I hope some Moby fans stuck in crowd traffic had to see most of his set!) He's on an "Up" note right now, and his "singing" is as fiery and unrepentantly silly as ever, and yes, girls (and other interested parties), the cover shot doesn't lie. The Ledge has been incorporating some male stripper action into his already insane live show (the two hottest chicks in the place were screaming the loudest, too, when I saw him recently). This is probably one of his most accessible recordings, but not at the cost of that "YOU ARE THERE!" ramshackle shack - garage bred intimacy. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll scratch yer noggin a lot...

Leg Hounds ",Date Your Daughters" (Bulge POB 1173 Green bay, WI 54305 USA Earth) If this good time Garage-punk shake-a-booty band was the entertainment at a Frat party I would not only pledge but I would swallow the Roofies voluntarily!

Lifehouse "Stanley Climbfall" (Dreamworks) Ecch.

Lightning Bolt "Power Of Salad & milkshakes" (Load POB 35 Providence, RI 02901) This is part video tour diary of a tour that makes no sense (a futuristic caveman superviliian duo plays attack music at clubs and parties and corners of floors twenty or so times). More importantly, their baby-rattling music provides soundtracks for the best cartoons since Charlie Brown fucked up and bought that shitty tree. This is the greatest movie ever made.



Liquid City DVD (LFP) This is just bullshit. A bunch of folks (including briefly Mystikal, who does some poorly videotaped rap at a half-assed party) talk about how they're intelligent and are kings of the porno and rap underground and then illustrate this by talking like dumbasses and demonstrating that they barely know how to use cameras and microphones. If you can't tape an interview your porno skills are suspect (no porno is included here, by the way). And none of them (except the awesome Mystikal, made mortal here by weak tracks) can rap. This sucks in every way.

Little Bear Big Bear "Little Man" b/w "Dr. Morgan's Panacea" (Butterfly) Garage rock in England means the Pretty Things rock opera as well as grimy stuff, so their recreationist bands are (potentially). More interesting than ours. This record has really cool distorted guitar, good arrangements and nice, weird harmonies. Really good.

The Loch Ness Mouse "Key West" (POB 1035 Pananma City, FL 32402) Loch it? I love it! Pixie dust Pop that makes you feel like you are eating candy canes and taking pleasant drugs, and all that sugar and barbiturate are somehow wholesome as can be!

Lollipop Lust Kill "My So Called Knife" (Artemis) Dumbly evil Post-Industrial modern Metal that I can genuinely imagine people sincerely banging heads to.

Lookout Freakout 3 (Lookout) This label sampler samples some really funny fun bands and a few dreary pop punk l;osers, but it also has a super awesome video for The Pattern and a Pretty Girls Make Graves video with a night nurse and a bunny suit!

Loose "Untamed!" (Rockin House) Italian proto-Punk Stooges-core with great cover art by "Pedro!"

Loose Fur (Drag City POBox 476 867 Chicago IL 60647) Geniuses get down and do some genus stuff I suppose. Nice drumming.

Lorelei "Our Minds Have Been Electrified" (Icemade) Two basses and drums (more than making up for the White Stripes bass-snubbing) makes for low-end rockingly dreary rock. The singer's voice is so gloriously flat and down that this makes me want to wear black and get thick.

Los Straitjackets "Tis The season For..." (Yep Roc) The most functional Christmas album in years! This surf instro X-mas X-travanganza has the masked merrymakers playing the classics respectfully while slyly infusing them with classic riffage to make grimmies (and record collectors) smirk and hodads ponder...this actually spun at my (and I'm sure many other tasteful and tacky folks') Christmas gatherings this year. Many a generation will groove to this.

Lost Sounds "Rat's Brains & Microchips" (Empty POB 12034 Seattle WA 98012) One of my favorite contemorary bands, these Southerners put the magic (and by that I mean wicked spells) back into gloom-tronics (and by gloom I mean good –n- crepy non-novelty music and by –tronics I mean guitar rock with old synths drenching everything).

Loudermilk "The Red Record" (Dreamworks" This band should be called Sourermilk, because their music could curdle dairy beverages.

John Lowe "First season Live on Beale" (Lowebow) Raw, textured, unique One Man band street Blues with a strange, naked wild groove. Lowe down dirty awesomeness!

Lozenge "Mishap" (Sickroom POB 47830 Chicago IL) Someone forgot to tell them that experimental weird music shouldn't be fun. This is playful and surprising and pleasantly disturbing.

Ludicra "Hollow Psalms" (Life Is Abuse POB 20524 Oakland CA 94620) Dramatic, organic Black metal that may not be the brutalest you've heard, but undoubtedly represents way better songwriting and more intelligent structure than most of its evil brethren. Great packaging as well, with the lyrics resembling incantations from an ancient spell-book.

Lupine Howl "The Bar At the End of the World" (Beggars) Awooooooooo! The non-Spacemen 3 dudes from Spiritualized make some calculated-to-be-played-on-the-radio "Alternative" (or the 2003 equivalent) music. Good luck.

Manda and the Marbles "more seduction" (Go Kart) I lost my marbles for Manda and the Marbles! Twice as Italian as Holly and the Italians!

Matt Pond PA "The Nature Of Maps" (Polyvinyl POB 7140 Champaign, IL 61826-7140) This Pond is all wet!

Larry May (www.junkmale.com) Larry just MAY be the singer-songwriter who will warm your heart like a warm dawn jacket!

The Maybelines (Best Friend POB 48214 Denver CO 80204) Mabel might be lean, but she sure ain't mean...this is the nice record of the season! It pops it bubbles and coos with happy fun goodness. Sweet, without sounding anything like The Sweet, and only slightly like Rachel or Matthew Sweet.

Steven McDonald Group "This is not a rebellion – this is a mass awakening!" (Oglio) Great Beatle-esque Pop, kinda Big Star, and Red Krossy enuf for diehards.

Merauder "Bluetality" (Century Media) Malicious, malevelant Metalcore that DESTROYS! Their song "Underground" would make Avril Lavigne cry.

The Mercy Killing of Tarantula Pie compilation (Broken Note POB 21188 London N16 7ZD) This compilation features bands that play at the Bull and Gate, apparently a contemporary Londob equivelnt of Max's circa mid 70s. These bands (especially Reverend Pike, I Luducrous, Probing Cranks and The Bigots) play pregressive, edgy, postmodern punk, often as funny a sit is challenging. All th ebands ar ereally good and these must be a hell of a club.

The Mighty Gordinis "for bosomaniacs only" (Demolition Derby) Belgian surf, garage, R&B revolution music that covers Rankin'Bass' "Mad Monster Party" and has a Chesty Morgan lookalike sharing her wares with the band on the back cover.

MJB "Diglayer," **Sinecure** (Lonely Whistle POB 9162 Santa Rosa CA 95405) MJB is one of the most legendary/infamous One Man Band home tapers/bedroom bands, releasing countless classy pop/Rock & Roll releases over the years. "Diglayer" is a diverse, someetimes jarring release that has a slightly dangerous edge even at its prettiest. I thought this even before reading his 50 page diatribe against false Rock & Roll MJB sent in lieu of a press kit. Sinecure is a two-man band with MJB and Don Campeau and they make some pretty awesome music, especially a track called "Really Like," which I wish played at my prom. This is another CD with disparate, all-over-the place music, which is something non-commercial artists can do when not pandering to a demographic.

Modern Machines/Fragments split CD (New Disorder 115 Bartlett St. SF CA 94110) Usually I see splits as a Battle of The Band, but when both bands are so mediocre, everyone's a loser (except for retailers who only waste 1/2 as much shelf space since the bands didn't release separate CDs).

Mollie's Mix sampler (Kill Rock Stars) Kill Rock Stars has a great roster these days, anchored by the lo-fi ghetto tech of Gravy Train and the beautiful eclectic brilliance of Stereo-Total. This is a great party CD for a really fucked up party.

Moral Crux "Pop Culture Assassins" (Panic Button) Pop punk that, amazingly, is convincingly badass. Who woulda thunk it?

Moreland Audio "turbogold" (54 40 or Fight POB 1601 Acem, MI 49610-1601) This is a chunk of audio that informs me of what it must feel like to be at a sleazy travelling carnival late, late at night after it's closed and the carneys are snorting various powders off of the Eminem and Destiny's Child mirrors you never end up winning in the ring toss. Truly creepy art music.

Jason Morphew "The Duke Of Arkansas" (Ba Da Bing POB 204 Leonia, NJ 07605) Funkdafied eclectic Regal Pop-Rock as lush as it is lascivious. Morph me? Morph ew!

Mortal "Nu-En-Jin" (Tooth and Nail) Sci fi darkwave techno religious, spooky, dancefloor future-stories! This is tomorrow wrapped in eternity! Frighteningly awesome!

Slink Moss "One Year & Holiday Classics" (slinkmoss.com) Slink turns Christmas into a slinky, creepy Halloween with these creepy, cool carols!

The Motion "Cold Heroes" (Sad Loud America 2617 West 49 1/2 St. Austin, TX 78731) Brings back the Godacre era of Chicago hard rock. Hooky without always being catchy, but sincerely gritty.

Mr. California and the State Police (Proud To Be An Idiot POB 410325 SF, CA 94141-0325) Genuinely deranged One Man Band bedroom madness that features 52 tracks of punk/noise/disco/gruesomeness that's upbeat and transgressive and happy and destructive and inspiring. Lots of talk-radio attacks interspersed with concise devil music jingles would make this a "5 microphone" record if the Source Magazine reviewed evil One Man Bands instead of hip Hop.

Mr. Centipede "Pat Pat Patterns" (This Hit POB 292157 LA, CA 90027) Pat pat pathetic.

Mr. Rudy Day "Juzzle" (Randy Diatribe 1573 N. Milwaukee #484 Chicago, IL 60622) As good as Prince! But smarter. And, when need be, stupider. Indie funky roots Rock & Roll art-groove with boss guitar work and good singing and a donut order.

The Mummies "Never Been caught" (Telstar) Brilliantly, after a decade of railing against CDs, the Mummies release their monsterpiece of lo-fi "wrap" music/Garage slop on digital disquette and somehow manage to make it sound shittier! Garage music should be dumb as hell, and this is the dumbest it got and that is a beautiful, dumb thing!

Lisa Mychols "Lost Winter's Dream" (Rev-Ola) This is apparently a reissue of some late 80s, early 90s holiday-themed material by former Mozelles crooner Mychols. The CD captures the Girl group/Spector sound sincerely and convincingly with sweet, kinda religious, very sentimental X-Mas vibes to it that are unusual and welcome for something so hip. Buy it now and stuff someone's stocking next year.

Necrophagia "Through The Dead Uncut" (Season of Night) Fat Death Metal semi-legends reunite to make a bloody, prorno, gore video/movie with Dr Creep and a cast of severed several. Funny and scary in ways that Death Metal should be.

Never Heard Of It (Unmotivated) Wish I never heard it. That's not just me being clever, I really mean that.

New Bomb Turks "The Night Before The Day the earth Stood Still" (Gearhead) A few pinches of No Wave/New Wave/Art Punk/New York Dolls damage stirred into the Trash-stew the NBT usually serve up makes this one of their best yet, especially the killer title track. It's a novelty record that you could laugh at while beating someone's ass.

Nigel Pepper Cock "The New Way" (Life is Abuse POB 20524 Oakland, CA 94620) Death metal becomes Dunce Metal in the hands of these drug, porn and shtick addicts. One of the ugliest slabs of heavy absurdity to soil my CD player in a long while!

No Choice "Dry River Fishing" (Newest Industry Unit 100 61 Wellfield Rd. Cardiff CF24 3DG UK) Upbeat pub-esque political puk with some great bass playing and thoughful lyrics.

No Trend "Tritonian-Vegas Polyester Complex" (Touch & Go) The archival reissue brings back the maturely immature, saxophone-fueled non-hardcore from these DC scenesters. Actually funner and younger than most of the DC bands that were actually playing hardcore.

Northstar "Is This Thing Loaded" (Triple Crown 331 W. 57th St. #472 NYC 10019) Bouncy yet brainy!

Old Skars & Upstarts comp (Disaster) The Hunns, Mudhoney and Texas Terri are three acts I can always count on to deliver the good n' evil Rock & Roll. This comp also features Stitches, US Bombs, Smogtown and Pushers in its impressive lineup.

Olde Style "rockwell" (Spade Kitty 1101 S. Harlem Ave. #301 Forest park IL 60130) Tastes and smells like my favorite beer (of the same name). Quirky yet bar-band ballsy Rock.

The Oranges Band "On TV" (Lookout) Pretty but pounding rock sounds good for 80s college rock or maybe stuff from alternative dance clubs in 2010. Will do for orange what Sammy Hagar did for red!

Organ Donor "midwest/Italia" (POB 1327 Ames, IA 50014) Mopey yet magical in a way that made my organs sad yet inspired.

Organic "The Life and Times of Sal Sagev (Microcosm POB 14332 Portland, OR 97293) Las Vegas band falls somewhere between Pop-Punk and Japanese Hardcore soundwise. Not exactly picking up where M.I.A. left off, but they still rock harder then Vegas' other band...Wayne Newton.

Original Sinners (Nitro) It's Exene, still beautiful, still rockin', with a shit-hot band of young go-getters (bassist Kim Chi is also quite lovely and sings up a storm on backing vocals). It's not Country-oriented (except in the attitud , songwriting-wise, one of many traits shared with early X.), and it bears no resemblance to Exene's last pre-X reunion project, Auntie Christ. It's just unpretentious, FUN Punk Rock n' Roll that stands up to the first two X albums (you can say I'm talking out of my ass, Bubba, but hearing is believing.), with just a hint of Blues (enough to get the point across without sounding longwinded). Guitarists Sam Soto and Jason Edge lay down some tasteful leads and runs that remind one of the days when The Flesheaters, Blasters, Gun Club, and X, with Billy Zoom, ruled over Hollywood Hell. Drummer Mat Young, too, sounds like he tapped some magic from Bill Bateman and D.J. Bonebrake's drumsticks, but retains a unique, sometimes Jazzy, feel of his own. I'm usually at a loss for new bands to recommend, but I have no such qualms about telling you this "sleeper" band is all set to terrorize y'all's neighborhood.

Shuggie Otis "In Session Information" (RPM) The best rip-off CD you'll ever get! Designed to look like it is related to the "Inspiration Information" release, this is actually a comp of sessions Shuggie worked on for his dad when Johnny Otis was knocking out the cheapo "Great Rhythm & Blues Oldies" series. For those of you who ignore the dollar bin in used record stores, these were cheapo albums by 50s and 60s R&B and Jazz figures who did new versions of their old hits plus a few other choice cuts. That said, this compiles the most genuinely funky, deep, serious cuts form those sessions, and Shuggie's influence, it could be argued, is responsible for some of the funkiness. Tracks include raunchy cuts from Charles Brown and Johnny Otis (including an "F" word-bountiful "Signifying Monkey") and excellent Richard Berry, Eddie Vinson and Joe Liggins numbers. A great rent-party CD!

Ours "Precious" (Dreamworks) It might be YOURS, but keep me out of it.

The Outsiders "strange things are happening – the complete singles 1965-1969" (RPM) This isn't Ugly things, and I'm not going to try to begin to explain who this awesome Dutch 60s Garage band is, but I will tell you that this CD, which collects

every one of their singles, is pretty amazing. Not for Estrus/Garage-Metal fans, this is a collection that reflects on the prettiest Kinks/Stones/Small Faces songs, but with some real originality and a never-boring preciousness to the pop aspects. What makes this package amazing is the reproductions of all their picture sleeves in glorious full cover. The art design (and their raggedy long hair...they abandoned the barbershops early in Holland, I guess) are worth the price of the CD. Also, it was cool to learn from the liner notes that there actually was a Holland band called "Double Dutch."

Oxymoronatron "robotic rock" (oxymoronatron.com) Not particualrly robotic, but gloriously stupid in a way that makes me think that robots pose little threat. These robot makers seem to spend more time watching basic cable then creating evil computrons.

Painful But Fabulous: The Lives and Art of Genesis P-Oridge (Shortwave/ 71 Bond St (At State) Brooklyn, NY 11217) Skull) For those offended by Marilyn Manson, I mean from a parental or Christian perspective, be thankful your kid isn't into Genesis P. Orridge. This guy has a truly shocking backlog of visual and sonic art. This meticulous volume of photos, artwork and anecdotes documents his exploits, some serious and some humorous. Plus, as a cross dresser he makes a much prettier lady than Marilyn Manson.

Parasol's sweet sixteen 6 (parasol 303 West Griggs St. Urbana, IL 61801) Wow- these are pretty good bands to be filtered through a downstate Illinois label! Chtlin' Fooks, Orwell and Menthol are the standouts, but the real winner is the Action, apparently a ringer – it's an obscuro sixties Psyche reissue! The Bears might have come up losers down Urbana way, but these cats came up big winners!

The Paybacks "Knock Loud" (Get Hip) When The Paybacks come knockin', you'd better start rockin'. Not really part of the trendy "Detroit sound," possibly the greatest hoax since late 60s Boston, but active longer than some bands now benefiting from the hype, and still as much a part of the Motor City as party stores and an inoperative downtown. If Mitch Ryder and Suzi Quatro had a kid together (what's that you say? not quite possible?), she'd sound just like leather-lunged chanteuse Wendy Case (late of the criminally UNDERhyped Ten High.). Guitarist Jon Szymanski and drummer Mike Latulippe double as 2/3rds of The Hentchmen, with Marco Delicato from Rocket 455 rounding out the lineup. You've heard this one before, but this is, simply put, some RAW Rock n' Roll, chock fulla sexual aggression and about as fancy (though just as satisfying) as a bag of White Castle sliders. You're probably tired of hearing about how every other band alive sounds like The MC5 (in the future, you know, every band WILL sound like The MC5 for 15 minutes), but this act favors The Five in ways that are subtle(if that's possible!). They don't know Karate, but they know ka-razy! Get ready for the big payback!!!

Peanut Butter and Jelly comix, **The Monster That Ate Stars** by Souther (Crashlander 106 N. Chester Ave. Pasadene, CA 91106) If you like fun and beautiful comix and the part of your brain that can't compute between being seven and being almost-grown you will *love* these minis (send $1 each I guess).

Rebecca Pearcy "Constellation" (Yoyo POB 2462 Olympia, WA 98507) Pleasantly dull. But pleasant nonetheless.

Pere Ubu "Slow Walking Daddy" b/w Sad.Txt" (Smog Veil 316 California Ave. #207 Reno, NV 89509) Continues the Pere Ubu tradition of Arty Darkness, or as I like to call it "Artkness." Some of their best material in decades!

Lee Scratch Perry "The Unlimited Destruction" DVD (Jet Star) Just bring a video camera to Lee Perry's house and let him say and do whatever he wants and you are guaranteed good footage. This video makes no sense, redefines rambling incoherence, blurs the lines between eccentricity and insanity and makes you question whether you are laughing at or with Lee OR whether he is laughing at you (the most likely scenario). Short on music, but you can buy records for that. This is pretty amazing. A perfect companion to the movie where Hasil Adkin's shack is visited. Keep an eye out for all of Perry's Batman gear, including a utility belt!

Pigface "Easy Listening..." (Invisible) Better music then a Pigface record is supposed to have. A brilliant level of electronic dumbness and silly melodramatic cross-genre stuff. Sitars meet synth-stars and many accents are heard in the vocals and musical approaches.

Piranhas "Erotic Grit Movies" (In The Red) Intense almost psychopathic desperation is uber-expressed through scary vintage keyboards and stumbling drumbeats and chilling howls. This may have rendered me infertile. Very scary.

The Pirates "Live in Japan" (Magnum Music Group) This CD was released several years ago, but has only been made available stateside recently. Mick Green, the Father (And MUTHER !) of U.K. Guitar Gods, the only man alive to record with both Lemmy AND Englebert Humperdink, and leader of what many consider Johnny Kidd's finest travelling unit, has kept The Pirates' name alive since 1977, the year in which the members of Dr. Feelgood.pulled him out of semi-retirement. He was reunited with Kidd's Pirates for a few years, kicking unworthy Punk dilletante's asses and taking names with some primitive, angry Rockabilly, Rock n' Roll and Rn' B, all showcasing Green's fiery fretwork. Since then, he's worked with other bands, though in much the same vein. The best of the later editions of Pirates recorded this live set in Tokyo (and released another rousing set from around this time in Paris. The Pirates are a LIVE band. Their studio work has often been quite good, but the live stuff is essential) in 1988. Green's right hand man at this time was Johnny Gustafson, a talented singer and bassist whose credits include The Big Three, The Merseybeats, Hard Stuff (an overlooked Underground Metal power trio. Think Slade meets The Purps), and even Roxy Music. The two had good chemistry, particularly on the prerequisite Johnny Burnette Trio covers (even if you're a vegetarian, the guitar solo on "Honey Hush" will give you a craving for red meat), Johnny Kidd staples ("Shakin' All Over " and a savage "Please Don't Touch"), and frantic workouts of Rockers like "Peggy Sue," "Money Honey," "I Can Tell," plus a slew of tuff group originals. And drummer, Les Sampson, is no slouch, either. Mick Green is now well past his 40th year in the biz, and he shows no sign of slowing. In the last few years, he's recorded and toured with Van Morrison, but he really got the chance to shine on Paul McCartney's underrated return to Rock LP, "Run, Devil, Run" (Which non-McCartney fans are more apt to dig than Macca's "loyal" Soft-Rock multitudes), that features Green heavily. It's only a matter of time before America cops to his greatness, an admission that the likes of Clapton, Beck and Page made ages ago.

Pivot "where the debris meets the sea" (Purple Skunk) Pivthetic. Extremely boring Emo-istic commercial rock.

Plain White T's "Stop" (Fearless) They might be white, but these poppy hotties are anything but plain! And they suit me to a T! I'm pretty sure this album includes a teen love song about urging his girlfriend to stop having group sex (possibly roofie assisted) with some group of dudes she hangs with.

Pleasurehorse "bareskinrug" LoadPOB 35 Prov RI 02901) Pleasures previously unfelt...digi-robo sex music for a porno flick starring the characters from the Robotron video game.

Plunky & Oneness "Got To Move Something" (NAME Brand 2218 Rosewood Ave. Richmond, VA 28220) Formally Oneness of Juju, this is the smoovest smooth funk you're gonna hear, with some worldbeat thrown into the cool jazz influenced mix. A second disk of live tracks further spotlights Plunky's smooth sax. And he's named "Plunky!"

Pocket Rockets "Love Or Perish" Teen Beat POB 3265 Arlington, VA 22203) Spare, youthful, wicked indie music. Undoubtedly named for some gloriously juvenile phallic reference and not the slang for two aces in the droll, middle-aged poker game Texas hold'em.

Polkaholics "Polka Can't Die" (polkaholics.com) There's a lot of beer associated with Polka and there's a lot of beer apparently in these rock & roll polkameisters. It's a drunken, Aerosmith in white tube socks party with plenty of brats and riffs!

Sandy Posey " a single girl" (RPM) A top Memphis backup singer (she was in The Nashville Edition) Posey hit the top ten in 1966 with "Born A Woman," a single that would shape the rest of her short Country Soul career. The tune is ostensibly about accepting female subservience, and consequently, she bows to her man in song after song. But though seemingly anti-feminist, Posey's amazing sad, clear voice subverts the lyrics; the melancholy that resonates creates the subtext of this woman resigned to her limitations and to the slavery of love (she uses the word "slave" in one song). Her originals take a few different Country roads, but her covers (including a heart wrenching "I'm Your Puppet") and the material written for her exploit the sad magic of her voice. This compilation has 23 of her sides from '66-'68, and fans of Country Soul, or just slick, sad 60s C&W, should seek this out.

Preachers "Moanin'" (Dionysus) Mid-60s West Coast garage reissue by a band that actually wore preist collars and Beatles hair...a U.S. monks (though not quite as groundbreaking). The best thing here is a truly fucked instrumental called "The Zeke" that is genuinely twisted, but super-dancable! Their cover of Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love' is also stranglely savage and rough enough to capture the sinister vibe of that ace tune. These tunesmiths really seem to understand what vibe can be achieved with spare, expressive low-down Blues instrumentation, mixed with young-folk energy. Preach on!

The Pretty Girls (Trap Door Records 3428 H Street #5 Sacramento CA 95816) Big ugly men make amazing rock n roll with glammy spangle and poppy jangle and all kinds of fangle.

Prettymightymighty "normal" (Derailleur) A subdued Weezer.

Prurient "The History of Aids" (Armageddon POB 56 Providence RI 02901) One of the most organic noise records I've ever heard; organic from the perspective of electrical and electronic items being defeated by nature. This is the audio your radio will pick up after a nuclear war.

The Pulses (Dirtnap POB 21249 Seattle, WA 98111) New Wave pub-rock pulsations made me throb in all the right parts.

Punch Drunk IV (TKO) Punh up some rawkus tracks from Electric Frankenstein, Cocknoose, Smogtown, and Slaughter and the Dogs (!).

Puny Humans "No One Will Ever Understand Our Genious" (Shitstorm) Death Metal lounge funk. This is a Black Metal record made by the music department at the Children's Television Workshop circa 1978.

Poor Old Lu 'The Waiting Room" (Tooth and Nail) Creed on Prozac.

Rael Rean "Weekdays" EP (Flying Bomb) Destroy All Monsters-style vocals front futuristic lo-fi punkish Soul music. Awesome.

Rainer Maria "Long Knives Drawn" (Polyvinyl POB 7140 Champaign IL 61826) Debby Harry-esque vocals and groovily formulated post-something music cuts like a knife, but it feels so right.

Marky Ramone and the Speed Kings "Alive" (Rawk-A-Hula) I once saw Marky lecture (!) about the Ramones. I at the time didn't believe they were really broken up for good, but that attitude changed during his talk when he showed slides about how they got to meet all kinds of great stars by being in the Ramones. "Here's us with Gilbert Gottfried." I realized that the Ramones had pretty low opinions of their achievements in many ways, and though Marky wanted to play anywhere anyhow I realized Joey and Johnny probably had enough of the grind that left them sub-Godfried. But as I said, Marky wanted to play (as evidenced by him becoming the Misfits drummer!) so this band, in which he and some rowdy bar-rockers knock out Ramones songs and trashy frat-rock originals, is perfect for the Markys in all of us that just want to rock on and on and on and on and on.....

The Ramones "End of The Century," "Pleasant Dreams," "Subterranean Jungle," "Too Tough To Die" (Sire/Warner Bros./Rhino) I can just hear some of you whiners saying, "Why buy these reissues? The Ramones were only good for three albums and part of 'Road To Ruin,' Besides, 80's Hardcore was much more socially relevant!" That's the same humility the Thrash Police used to lay on me in the 80s when, all the while, they owed a tremendous debt to the band they'd gleefully renounce at the drop of a hat. What we have here is a reminder of not only what was, but what could well have been. For a start, the pairing of Phil Spector with a band so undeniably reverent, yet not attuned to his manner of takin' care of business (holding the band at gunpoint in the studio, demanding that Marky remove his Ronnettes shirt, or leaving them alone with a very drunk Al Lewis!), seems today like a match made in Hell on par with The New York Dolls/Shadow Morton LP (which I, personally, love.). Bear in mind that The Beatles and solo John Lennon had been Phil's most recent clients, so he wouldn't have come out of semi-retirement if he didn't see something there. In retrospect, the album still sounds good today. Sure, Phil took the edge off in many ways, but he also added a lot of texture to the songs. The opener, "Rock n'' Roll Radio," comes off like a Punk version of Sgt. Pepper (which isn't as heinous as it sounds). Dee Dee later stated that "Some of the worst crap I ever wrote ended up on this album," but I disagree. The ultra-catchy "This Ain't Havana," "All The Way," "Let's Go" (notable for Marky's excellent Surf drumming) and "High Risk Insurance" may suffer a bit from over-production, but they're great, if overlooked, gems of Heavy Metal Bubblegum Punk. As with the other CDs, the bonus tracks give you an idea of what the brudders were still capable of when left to their own devices. A demo version of "Danny Says" retains the trashcan crunch of earlier slow songs like "Ramona," "Here Today, Gone Tomorrow," and "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend." The finished product should have been more like this. The demo version of "I'm Affected," however, demonstrates how the song later benefited from added studio bombast. An unreleased "Please Don't Leave" doesn't stand out among the others, but it's still nice to have. The demo version of "Rock ' n ' Roll Radio" is (predictably) a good deal different than the Spectorized edition, and, best of all, the last verse is sung as, "Do you remember Jerry Lee, John Lennon, BLUE CHEER, and old Moulty?" Don't get me wrong, I love T Rex, too, but it was a nice touch, especially since the critics used to compare the early Ramones to Blue Cheer (as in, "what is this Blue Cheer shit?!!"). "Pleasant Dreams" found The Ramones in a position somewhat similar to The Stones in the early 70's, in that even some of the songs that sound incomplete or even bordering on mediocre still have a fatal charm to them. Once more, a "name " producer was brought in, Graham Gouldman, who penned hits for The Hollies and The Yardbirds, and with his own group, 10cc (Has anybody made it through the self-absorbed smash, "I'm Not in Love", lately without falling asleep?). He brought a darkness to the proceedings, despite his Pop pedigree...or maybe the darkness was already there?. Perhaps the best-loved song, and the only permanent staple in their live set to emerge from this was"The K K K Took My Baby Away." The liner notes point out that the irresistible opening riff simply MUST have been ripped from "He's a Whore," but I wouldn't know, being the only white man in Chicago who doesn't own a Cheap Trick record. Anyway, it always sounded like "Career Opportunities" to me. It's funny, too, that no one noticed that the main riff to " Sitting in My Room" sounds a LOT like "I'm Already Gone" by the Eagles (it's still cool, tho'.) or that "Come on, Now" sounds quite a bit like the midsection to " Born To Run" (ditto.) . "All's Quiet On The Eastern Front" is one of my favorites, though I used to dislike the sorta buried guitar sound. This was kind of a "mid-life crisis" album, but it definitely rates a going over, plus the bonus tracks are revelatory, like early versions of "Touring, Touring" (sic) and "I Can't Get You Out of My Mind" and a rough mix of perhaps the rarest (released) Ramones song, "Chop Suey" (From the soundtrack to "Get Crazy"), always a fun, if atypical, track, featuring Deborah Harry and Kate and Cindy from The B52's (coulda sworn Flo and Eddie were on the released version.), all sounding like a bunch of hopped up Japanese Girl Scouts at a Kool-Aid party. That, and three unreleased songs. Sounds like manna from Heaven to me. "Subterranean Jungle" found the band getting back on track musically, thanks in part to a more sympathetic production by Bubblegum god, Ritchie Cordell, and an uncredited Walter Lure from The Heartbreakers on some tasty guitar solos (Johnny Ramone was praised by critics for finally taking some solos, but he still hadn't). It's a tad overproduced at times, but not compared to the previous two LPs, and, this time, they're coughing up the songs. "Outsider" is an outstanding, if largely forgotten, return to form, with Joey's vocals more infectious than they'd ever been since "Road To Ruin" (Joey was credited as "Joe" for this album). "Psycho Therapy," of course, became a standard in their live set, and a favorite among both old fans and the Hardcore kiddies (though Johnny made the strange claim that The Ramones played faster than any of their Hardcore seedlings). "What'd Ya Do" (with the delightfully dumb intro, "Ah koo koo koo koo, I don't- a care about you no more") and the self-explanatory "Everytime I Eat Vegetables, It Makes Me Think Of You" both reach new heights in stoopidiocy, plus they're fulla great riffs. Dee Dee gets his first vocal spotlight with "Time Bomb," a bitchen', if somewhat contrived, teen anthem. Dee Dee's "Highest Trails Above" is a hard 'n' fast Punk song about the opiate effects of being in love. This song has been dismissed as stupid, for references to superheroes and Disneyland, but it got me through a rough damn summer (making pizzas with proto Beavis and Butthead types at a Chuck E. Cheese wannabee restaurant, with the nearest friends an hour away). Again, there's FIVE unreleased songs, an early acoustic demo of "My - My Kind of a Girl" plus the original mix of "Indian Giver" (which sits comfortably with their covers of "Little Bit of Soul," "Time Has Come Today," and The Boyfriends' smoochy Power-Pop rocker, "I Need Your Love). The album that kills everything in it's path, however, was 1984's "Too Tough To Die." With Tommy Erdelyi/Ramone back in his rightful place as producer, the band came full circle, playing at their peak with an attack that favored their first three albums and lyrics that were relevant to what was really happening in the world around them. New drummer, Richie, was (temporarily) the shot in the arm The Ramones needed (he'd later prove only a pain in the ass.), after Marky's drinking problem necessitated his departure. Two years later, Marky returned, clean and sober (after, reportedly, failing a Fuzztones audition.), Richie having gone AWOL prior to some very important New York gigs (Clem Burke briefly held down the fort). Richie seemed to suffer a bit from Mick Taylor's Disease, perhaps too musicaly flashy, and undoubtedly too pretty to pass for a Ramone. He still held the songs on this album together beautifully, and wrote some great songs himself, including "Humankind," featured here, but was forgotten pretty quickly when he split from the band. The opener, "Mama's Boy," scared the shit out of me the first time I heard it. Joey's vocals here make Nick Cave sound like Marc Almond!. The album never lets up, even during the two more Pop-flavored songs, "Chasing The Night" and the near-hit, "Howling at The Moon." It reclaims the thunder that Hardcore had taken away and returned The Ramones to the top of the Punk Rock scrap heap. There's not a duff track on here, from Dee Dee's nods to Hardcore, "Wart Hog" and "Endless Vacation" (which both made the endless soundalike Thrash bands of the day sound that much more redundant.) to " Durango 95," the only Ramones instrumental (it sounds a bit like "Sex and Dying in High Society " by X.), to the fast and furious (AND melodic) "Danger Zone," to Joey's Rockabilly flirtings on "No Go," and all points in between. If possible, the demo versions featured here sound even more raw, with Joey taking on even more of an Elvisey warble, which actually works, and Dee Dee singing four toons in his patented "I yam what I yam." growl. Plus there's yet another unreleased gem, "We're Outta Here", and two sorta rare B-sides, "Smash You," a remarkable pogo platter, and one of two Stones songs the boys ever covered, "Street Fighting Man" ("Out of Time," cut almost ten years later, is the better of the two). Well, here's your chance to dig some real rarities, as well as catch up on some fine tracks you might have missed. Besides, I haven't heard of anybody gettin' laffed at for liking The Ramones in a long time, but, kids, it used to happen a lot.

Rapture "Songs For The Withering" (Century Media) This is an awesome juxtaposition of savage Death metal vocals with nuanced melodic expressive Metal music. This is weird but always unique enough to keep your interest.

Reagan National Crash Diet/decibators split single (Rooster Cow/DeciRecs) Both bands have trouble capturing their live fury, but the Reagans still produce a pretty convincing dose of clever Hard Rock.

Redefinitions DVD (MVD) This weird Hip Hop DVD is shot low-budgetly at Hip hop conferences and lectures and workshops and it's about as fun as you'd expect a pseudo-academic bushel of self-righteous jabbering to be. That said, there are some highlights here, including Afrika Bambaataa laying down his version of Hip Hop history form the backseat of a town car, Sway from MTV claiming that youth who protest or engage in activism are deluded while he is the true head for infiltrating the mainstream and some wise words from a Last Poet.

Redd Kross "Neurotica" (Oglio) Redd Kross was the Beatles if the Beatles enjoyed drugs more and didn't take thing so seriously and were more teenagey. This is one of their masterpieces, re-reeased with bonus tracks, that feature a really good Ruttles vibe, Better Redd then Led!

Reggie and the Full Effect "Under The tray" (Vagrant) Reggie has finally found the balance between his big-dick, asshole namesake from the Archies and his preaching, pummeling namesake from the Green Bay Packers.

Remember The Ocean "Ruth" (TheHoneyComb.com) This Natalie Merchant sound-a-like made me want to forget the 80s...oceans included.

Retisonic "Lean Beat" (Silverthree POB 3621 Fairfax, VA 22038) Start and Stop DC-style post punk, but with some nice Rock guitar references (as opposed to punk guitar references). Constructing songs that alternate glammy hooks and stutter staccato PoMo Art Rock stuff is pretty interesting.

Martin Rev (ROIR) A very exciting reissue, this is minimalist electronic melody music that you'd expect to be played as the muzak on the elevator to either heaven or hell (depending on your disposition).

Rev. Norb "Earth's Greatest Rocker" (Bulge) Norb attacks the Hucklebuck, "Got Milk," the American League, the Archies, Satan, God and Alexander Hamilton. This is embarrassingly entertaining Pop Punk Bubblegum goo.

Reverend Vince Anderson and his Love Choir "The 13th Apostle" (Dirty Gospel) OK, this sounds bizarrely akin to the most brilliant Tom Waits recordings, which clearly speaks volumes for the quality of this work, but on the other hand it is so Tom Waits-sounding that it's jarring. The contents of the music (unironic, un-romantacized, sincere interpretations of Gospel music and Blues) is interesting and powerful, but I am not sure what to make of the Waitsian Elvis Impersonator bit

Rocket From The Crypt "Live from camp X-Ray" (Vagrant) As hook-filled and rocking as the other 75 RFTC LPs (maybe moreso than their last album) but more desperate, focussed and ambiguously angry.

Rocket 69 /Dion Blade & The New Kings Of Rock split single (Rockin House) Rocker 69 rocked me silly, Dion Blade cut me stupid. 10 pounds of Garage Punk shit in a five pound bag lit on fire and left on Lemmy's doorstep!

Rolling With The Stones by Bill Wyman. There's a lot of Stones bios coming out of late, but here's a first hand account with 500 incredible pages of diary excerpts, interviews, album and concert artwork, set lists and impossibly rare photos. It's a "light read" that weighs about ten pounds and will require months of your time, but you'll have lots of fun laboring over it. Bill Wyman's writing style is warm and personal, he comes on like a regular guy (as he does in real life. I had absolutely no problem getting an autograph and a handshake out of him recently..... "...but you're one of The Stones!!") and complaints, about being in The Rolling Stones and/or the personal habits of bandmates and confidantes, are kept to a minimum. He sounds like he thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and does not sound bitter about the way things turned out (Though he's wise to not spill too much ink over the post-"Some Girls" years. Nicely done, Bill.). Wyman toured with an R n' B styled revue while promoting his last book (the one Stones song they did was the underrated "Melody"). I'd like to see him put together a band of ex-Rolling Stones (Mick Taylor , Carlo Little, and Dick Taylor for a start.) to do a tour coinciding with this release. I'd like World Peace, too.

The Rotters "Wench To The Nuts" (Dionysus) This is the 70s LA punkband which has apparently survived decades of indifference to release this decent, yet rotten, slab of punchritude. My only complaint is that the youthful howling and mid-tempo punk with wailing guitars seems kinda normal. I would like them to sound more crazy and damaged considering their pedigree.

The Sadies "stories often told" (Yep Roc POB 4821 Chapel Hill, NC 27515) Dark 'n moody Spaghetti Western Country-"pop," this record gave me a creep, then it gave me another. That's called giving me "the creeps."

Salem Lights "Carnival Of Souls" ep (Funhose POB 20708 Oakland, CA 94611) Like fellow cigarette-name band the Chesterfield Kings these guys get a particular era of American garage music down pat and deliver exactly what the fans of that genre dig.

Sample The Martian "The Search For Warp Propellled Scratch" (Galacticdust.com) Nerdy Funk-Hop that's lo-fi and charming enough to not offend with braininess or cleverness. Lots of 80s video game sounds and genuinely experimental audio make this stand out as positively weird in a good way.

Leo Sayer "Just A Boy," "Another Year," "Endless Flight" (RPM) Listening to these Leo Sayer reissues one is amazed with both how good they are and how surprising it is that Leo didn't maintain hugeness. These are records that are on par with (and similar to) Elton John's 70s output, but Elton (partly because he was also the songwriter) kept chugging along while Leo's lovely voice (and charisma described on one CD's bonus audio as Charlie Chaplin-esque) didn't make it through the 80s charts. The hits here, especially the undeniable "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing," are fun, but all these albums are super solid first track to last. These contain good booklets which reprint period press and ephemera, but most importantly they contain odd "director's commentary." The bonus tracks on each album include Leo and his producers and collaborators talking about the making of the album, and relaying funny anecdotes. One involves convincing Paul McCartney to play "Let It Be" (Leo covered it for a single, included as a bonus track) on a piano at a proper British private club and having the manager come and shoo Paul off stage.

Steven Schultz "I forgot to get a rap name!" (SPAM) Schultz is such a genius he makes M.C Paul Barman seem like an idiot. Or vice Versa! Gay pirates and anti Rap-Metal rap is anything but wack! Or everything and wack!

The Screamer "Greatest Hits" ((Teenbeat POB 3265 Arlington, VA 22203) Recordings of one pranksters semi-clever, but always deadpan and well-executed, funny calls to talk radio, mostly from the 80s. The best calls are to Christian radio, where they are willing to give the caller the benefit of the doubt far beyond reason (the religious call that "faith). As with most prank call collections, the magic comes from the callees as much as the caller, and the nicest thing about this collection is that the radio folk really got to know this particular yukster and interact or comment on him with familiarity that ranges from familial to contemptuous (as if there's a difference). One of the least bitter and most positive prank releases you'll hear.

The Sea and the Cake "one bedroom" (Thrill Jockey) The Cake has never been sweeter and the Sea has never had so little salt.

The2ndHand (1428 W. Walton Chicago, IL 60622) All write!

Seger Liberation Army "heavy music" b/w "chain smokin'" (Big Neck) This is Lester Bang's dream band!

The September Sessions soundtrack (The Moonshine Conspiracy 2020 Union St. SF, CA 94123) Apparently a surf movie soundtrack, it might be the most boring surfing movie ever if the tracks here are any indication. Jack Johnson is his usual dull self but even usually reliable Ozomotli delivers dud music.

Ron Sexsmith "Cobblestone Runway" (Nettwerk) Ron Suxsmith.

Sharewarez (Galctic Dust 1825 Morris Lincoln Park, MI 48146) A compilation where no band stands out as super-awesome, but. Michelle Lukezic has her charms (unlikely electronics peppering pretty singing-music) and the Grand Devious' blip and blurp electronica is pretty good.

Shipping News "three-four" (Quarter Stick) Some kind of variation on the KISS solo albums, with each member of this experimental prog-noodly-art act doing off-the-cuff solo stuff, so we're told. Amazingly, defying all previously held notions of good songitude, all the 9 minute "tunes" are way better than the 3 minute "tunes."

Showaddywaddy "The Arista Singles Vol. 1" (7Ts/Cherry Red) I loved their previous singles comp, but at this point in their career this galmmy band had sunk to Sha Na Na level. "I Appreciate the Job," the last track has a little Rocky Horror appeal, but overall all their Arista singles were apparently worse than all their Bell singles.

Silver Tongued Devil 'We Are The Road Crew" b/w "Have A Drink On Me" (Rat) Motorcycle Boy" EP (Uber Alles) This is boot-to-the-head rock that loves the roadies and the bottle and the 11 knob and the fact that their name abbreviates to S.T.D. And you will like it too (especially after a few bottles of Jack).

Since By Man "We Sing The Body Electric" (Revelation) Howling intense graceful agonized melody-music

63 Crayons (HHBTM) When I hear found-sounds, theremin-esque vibes, glockenspiel, "toy-noise" and lo-fi Archies bubblegum I immediately bring the CD to my illegitimate baby's house to play it for her. Hard to believe a baby would hate this, but it happened. Well I still love it.

Simpatico "The Boy Is Mine" (Gifted) Their insane for the canannes, and why not? Simpaticool!

Slater "All My Favorite Rockstars Are Dead" (Spent) They should change the name to Cater or Waiter because they shouldn't be in the rock & roll business.

Slick Fifty Seven "the ghost of bonnie parker" (Laughing Outlaw) About as slick as a spitoon in a honkytonk, this is Fifty Seven times better then most fake punk-influenced White Trash country pretender music.

(smog) "Accumulaiton: None" (Drag City) Smog rarities that are at times deserving of obscurity but often weirdly wonderful in ways. I truly admire that the album title is actually a pun about the band's weather name, it's like "The Chirping Crickets" or Betty Wright's "Wright Back At Ya."

Smooth Lou "let's build" ep (smoothlou@onebox.com) Simply the jazziest Human Beat Box in history. Smooth Lou rules the world!

The Snakes (Committee to Keep Music Evil/Bomp) Psychedelic but not a relic, this is the new venom to bite your ass! Gently.

Dee Snider "Deevision" DVD (MVD) This massive DVD has hours of live footage of Dee's very own Twisted Sister cover band destroying an audience. Super professionally shot, this is compelling because of Dee's charisma and because of the crowd going apeshit for the Twisted tunes. This also features interviews with Dee, Twisted members, other rock luminaries, and the like. Best of all is Dee himself boasting and toasting about all things Dee, including a pitch for a Dee Snider sitcom he had that sounds eerily like the Osbournes!

Sole "Selling Live Water" (anticon) Yuck. Hip hop is a dangerous weapon, and smart-boy Hip hop intellectual collectives messing with it are like kids left alone with handguns shooting their faces off by mistake.

Something For Kate "Echolalia" (Sony) Something For Insomnia. Boring and annoying. And really important, apparently.

Sonig .ilation compilation (Sonig) Inhumanly lively tracks from the German off-kilter electronic label. Not a dance record, but rather a showcase for 17 really unique computer assisted musicians, highlights include Aelters' blurpy laptop hiccups, Mouse on Mars' groovy distorted beats, Vert's electronica + mellow cowbell (a first?), Niobe's bid to be the Dietrich of the genre and Oval's electronica take of an orchestra tuning up.

Sons of Hercules "Suprema 005" More short sharp shocks from San Antonio's finest purveyors of borderline 60's Garage Punk/70's Punk Garage with an immediacy all their own. This'un leans a little heavier on the 60's sound than their last fine platter, but it's all there, something for all of you, who, much like the Sons, lived thru the last "Garage Revival" and intend to see it thru to the end of this (confusing) current Punk-Garage trend. Sons of Hercules have their influences straight, and are probably already influencing some of the young bucks coming up, now. This CD isn't officially out yet, but it's probably their best yet. Best of all, they unearthed "Snake People," an unused track from their second album (But is it about the bizarre Mexican Boris Karloff film, or something they saw at the nearby Snake Farm?!).

The South Of No North (Sound Org. 1843 W. Evergreen #2 Chicago, IL 60622) This rocks like a bunch or rocks...this rocks like a big assed boulder...this rocks like, I dunno, fucking ROCK & ROLL! This record rocked me incoherent!

Soviet "we are eyes, we are builders" (Head 273 Canal suite 3414 Shelton CA 06484) Romantic computer music for seducing and intimate dancing with your robot friends and lovers. Recalls the best of 80s synth romanticists without seeming retro at all.

The Spades "Learnin' The Hard Way" (Pevi) It's like all that Swedish Hard Rock Hellacoptors stuff, except instead of being Swedish and blonde they're all Black and apparently from hell! Pretty rockin', no doubt, this is one of the ass-kickingest CDs I've heard in a while. The guitarist sounds like the guy from Fastway! To paraphrase Archie Bunker (who was referring to Sammy Davis, Jr. at the time) these guys are the Aces of Spades!

Spiv "Don't'cha Know?" (Pop Sweatshop PMB 148, 2103 Harrison Ave. NW #2 Olympia, WA 98502) Charming, sort of serious, sort of goofy pop that yearns for love and yearns to entertain and loves Rock & Roll and loves to Rock and to Roll).

Sport Murphy "Uncle" (KRS) Sincere ode to a firefighter uncle who died. Not morbid, but pretty morose musically a times (Mr Murphy's voice can sound chillingly sad). Kind of lovely in a very vanilla way...your mom and you might like this.

SR71 "Tomorrow" (RCA) On a scale of 1-200 I'd give this a 71.

Starless "to sleep: perchance to dream" (Department of) Redefines "really fucking bad."

Stellastarr "Somewhere Across Forever" (Tiswas) Catchy pop that sounds like Poster Children trying to sound like Spandau Ballet and succeeding.

Stereo Total "Musique Automatique" (Kill Rock Stars) Breathtakingly awesome, this is genius Pop that would make Serge and Morodor and the Beatles jealous. If you don't enjoy this you are likely very stupid.

T.M. Stevens "Shocka Zooloo" (United One) Lite Funk mixed with lighter Metallic edges, but the whole is greater then the sum of the parts, as the result is pretty funktastic and creates an odd planet of alternative groove music that bridges some gaping gaps. Left me happily confused.

Stiffed "Sex Sells" (Ape Control) The involvement of Philly skatepunk legend Chuck Treece from McRad drew me to this, but it's the off-kilter, sexy, oddly enchanting female vocalist Santi sold me. New Wave, No Wave, and not-particularly punk, it would be interesting if this met the commercial potential it has.

Stolen Sharpie Revolution zine ($3, Microcosm POB 14332 Portland, OR 97293) This is a raw, friendly, to-the-point guide to doing your own zines. It gives simple and complex tips on how to get cheap xerox copies, how to make your own paper or screen prints, how to get the most out of the post office, and even tips on how to make your content, covers, writing and everything else better. This is a good investment for anyone into doing a zine. I've been writing for this mag for 10 years and I learned stuff.

Strapping Young Lad "SYL" (Century) Violent bomb Metal with unrelenting nastiness and ugly, throbbing intensity. Starpped me down and beat me.

Big Jim Sullivan "Sitar Beat" (Mood Mosaic) A reissue of a 60s LP of pop covers done with lead Sitar, but plenty of other regular instrumentation. Basically he just plays the vocal melody on sitar for Beatles, Donovon and Procol Harum tunes. Some of it really sounds like that awesome *Vampiros Lesbos* soundtrack, so this is recommended, and you can definitely put it on for a party or some lovemaking. A sitar s born!

The Sun "love & death" (Warner Brothers) They're all over the place; one song is White Stripes, one song sounds like something off of "Some Girls," another sounds like an evil Violent Femmes. But it all sounds good!

Sweep the Leg Johnny & **Rumah Sakit** (Sickroom POB 47830 Chicago IL 60647) This double live CD presents two bands who make difficult, unique Jazz influenced Rock that that always manages to Rock. To drive that point home the Sweep singer quotes Axl Rose during the set! Rumah Sakit achieve a more pronounced level of off-kilterness musically here, and their set is powerful, but Sweep really rocks the house and if this was a battle of the bands I'd have to favor Johnny's gang.

Sweet Pea Hits the Big Time by Sam Costello (Ten City, 2 Buckley Ave #1 Jamaica Plain, MA 02130) Not a poetry chapbook, but a fiction chapbook, like a mini-novel, telling a story of friendship, drugs and ratting. Not for happy ending fans or literary snobs, but if you like to give interesting writing a chance you might want to check this short story out.

Bert Switzer "1977-2002" (bertswitzer.com) Switzer is a New England punk drummer from the obscure, but impressive, 70s band The Destroyed, who apparently produced some unique, ambitious, raw Rock-ish underground music from '77-'79, from whence 90 percent of this career retrospective is culled. The collection is bookended by two solo drum excursions, which are better than you would imagine, but when you take into consideration the noise/fucked up/oddball collaborations with Henry Kaiser on this you can imagine non-Bonham drum solo work. The best thing on here, however (worth the very low price of the CD, $4 from the website) is a totally fucked art-noise-whatever take on Ozzy's "Crazy Train" done in 1985 that is both reverently faithful and twistedly experimental. You should probably get this CD.

Swizz Beats presents G.H.E.T.T.O. Stories (Dreamworks) This super-producer showcase CD features different artists on almost very track but is more cohesive than many single artists album (because singel artists usually use ten producers). The high-concept track here is the Metalicca/Ja Rule collaboration, but it isn't miraculous, it's really just good Rap-Metal and nothing more (wait, did I say "good Rap-Metal"...I guess that is pretty miraculous). The radio track here is the Mr. Biggs song that goes "I get high..high..high..." and features my favorite "Maybe I should have paid more attention in school" moment in recent rap: "I get high like Bob Marley did/I get high like the hippes did, back in the seventies." Also starring NAS, Baby, Jadakiss, Eve, and a surprisingly good Lil' Kim track.

Symphorce "Phorceful Ahead (Metal Blade) This sucks the forces of rock right out of me. Some good dramatic singing, but this just doesn't rock with Symphonic of Metallic force at all. The worst derivative Iron Maiden you ever heard, done by guys who like all the wrong Maiden songs.

Thee Machine Gun Elephant "Rodeo Tandem Beat Specter" (Alive) Most nuevo-Detroit garage punk these days strips down or funks up, forgetting that some of the genius of the Stooges rusted metal nastiness was that as raw as everything sounds, Iggy had pretensions of being an *artiste*. This cadre of Japanese music-destroyers achieves furious "Garage" detonation, but they do it coming from a bolder, blunter more insane brain fever than many of their contemporaries. This is both primal and challenging, involking at times the most derivative Rockabilly and at times the strange Australian punk of the 70s. This is one of the best live and recording bands out there, and whatever they are howling I don't need a translation; I agree wholeheartedly!

3-D Invisibles "Jump Off The Screen," "They Won't Stay Dead," "Vampires A-Go-Go" (Neurotic Bop Records, 1009 Royal Oak, Michigan 48068) This demonic Detroit trio has been wailing tales from the crypt for twenty years, and they still refuse to grow up! Good for them. Though no longer gigging on a regular basis, they always return around Halloween to haunt the midwest., and they've since morphed into many side projects, most notably those Kings of The Surf, The Volcanos (featuring all three 3-D's). The bands' three hard to find original albums, each with a bonanza of bonus tracks, have been recently commited to CD, and not a moment too soon, what with the recent deaths of Screamin' Jay Hawkins and Lord Sutch, The Misfits being reduced to a Misfit, The Cramps leaning more toward sex (which I approve.of) and Roky Erickson's (we hope, temporary) retirement from stage and studio, Horror Rock is in serious decline, my fiends. The noble efforts of Alice Cooper and Rob Zombie notwithstanding (I only wish I liked Rob's music). The 3-D Invisibles are here to save the world from the forces of good. There's almost 100 tracks total, each one a horrific, hilarious, darkly sweet Halloween treat for those who celebrate the High Holidays (Oct. 31st - Nov. 1st.) all year 'round. My favorites include "Plan 9 From Outer Space," "Hot Rod Hearse," "I Wanna Dig Up Bela Lugosi," "Robot Monster" and "Frankenstein Stomp," but I'm also partial to their tribute to Christopher Lee ("Christopher Lee.. a universal symbol of sex, but he's no homo, he likes women with beautiful necks!") . Cooler still, the group has been "experimenting" with Sci-Fi and superhero themes as well, with songs like "Hulk Will Smash," an original song that incorporates the great sixties cartoon theme song as it's reprise, "Night of The Batman" (better than anything actually used in those movies) and a "Star Trek" trilogy, featuring the hilarious "He's Dead, Jim" (maybe if Shatner ever does "Illustrated Man II," The 3-D's could back him up!), and, if you're really on your toes, you'll notice an unlisted bonus track, The Cramps' classic, "Zombie Dance" (oops, I just spoiled it for you). With a skull-crushing 60's/70's Punk - Novelty Rock - Surf attack, they really are a scree-um.

Throne of Chaos "Pervertigo" (Century Media) Think of everything bad in the worst 80s Metal and combine it and this is worse.

Thundercrack "the crack" (Estrus) Muddy, bloody, groovy, movey, original, slightly demented trash that invokes a

soundtrack of a nightmare dream that has really good music in it despite (or because of) the deep psychological scars it leaves..

Tiger Mountain "analog heads gone french" (Lucky Cat Bowling Green Station POB 251 NYC 10274-0251) I like Classic rock radio because 70s songs often, to put it simply, rule! I hate when someone pisses and moans about the same Skynard tracks being played for 30 years...*they are playing them because they are some of the best songs ever recorded.* Speaking of good music, Tiger Mountain shovels in a little boogie, a little pop, but mostly just real live Rock & Roll and offer up some genuine arena-ready *shit*! This Tiger is in my tank and I'm tanked!

Tijuana Hercules "When The Moon Comes Up Wild" (Black Pisces 4935 N. Mozart apt. 1 Chicaog IL 60625) Junkyard Blues rawk that sounds like Fat Albert's band on black tar heroin. Ugly good.

Steve Tilston "Life By Misadventure" (Market Square) He really lets Margaret Thatcher have it, and that's why he's the greatest folk music guitarist of the last 30 years!

Tony the Tyger presents Fuzz, Flakes, & Shakes Vol 7 & 8 (Dionysus) One of the best Nuggets/Pebbles/Grave etc. series going, these obscuro 45s seem to have come from a collective mind that wouldn't remove the teenage-fun aspect of garage when the trippy psyche stuff started saturating. While there are dozens of good tunes here, I've listened to both CDs four times and the one track that always sticks with me is a corny novelty record about a girlfriend thinking a long-haired dude is a girl that her man is hanging out with. Other awesome numbers are by The Insects, West Minist'r, The Tormentors, The Intercoms, and the Lazy Eggs.

Too Negative comix ($1, Jenny Gonzalez POB 22477 Brooklyn NY 11202) Despite the name these comix are just negative enough vignettes that touch on the lighter side of low self-esteem, medication for mental illness, Hell, gay demons, and bad comix.. Jenny's second issue is about ten times better drawn and written then her first, so by issue ten she should win a Nobel prize or an gold medal for comix.

The Travoltas "Endless Summer" (Fastmusic POB 206512 New Haven, CT 06520) They sound like nice guys, but this is flaccid would be pop and would be punk.

Tributary directed by Russ Forster (Oddocs) Ultimately this is a documentary you should see; the subject matter is fun, Forster has an affection for his material and there's definitely *something* in here you will really love. That said, this documentary on tribute bands isn't all that it could be. RF's most famous film was about documenting the culture of 8-Track tape collectors, a culture that hardly anyone knew existed, and a culture that in many ways he helped create. Needless to say it was the best 8-Track tape culture documentary possible! Tribute bands, who dress up and play covers of popular acts, are a fascinating subject everyone knows something about and there could be a totally compelling, brilliant documentary done about them, but Forster doesn't hit this on all cylinders. This project was originally a collaboration between three filmmakers that split into two factions when Forster decided their visions didn't jibe. I've seen the other film, "An Incredible Simulation," and both have their strengths and weaknesses. "Tributary" and "Simulation" were both done on zero budgets, but Forster is clearly better at making zero budget video and audio actually function. As a better guerrilla technician his piece is much more watchable and coherent (literally). On the other hand, the makers of "Simulation" had an ability to act as "freak magnets" that led to them ending their film with a compelling disaster of intensity which portrayed a Neil Diamond/Abba tribute husband and wife descending into madness, alcoholism and amputation. That powerful, somewhat in-depth narrative is lacking in Forster's technically superior piece. He instead presents a couple dozen tribute bands who are interviewed well, and who get to express their motivations and eccentricities and passions pretty strongly. However, lacking a true narrative arc, Forster awkwardly structures the film by placing the bands in somewhat arbitrary groups of tribute type (some are post-modern art projects, some are pros out for money and some are true loving almost religious tributes). The problem is, most fit into more than one category and that is pretty obvious to the viewer. The worst mistake of the film is opening with a bunch of hipster bands playing covers, as if cover bands and tribute bands are the same thing. Gripes aside, there are many amazing, magical moments in this thing. The most compelling character is a semi-madman Jimi Hendrix impersonator who doesn't seem to know where Jimi ends and he begins, and who seems to imply that live he's better than Jimi (the footage does not bear this out). There is a super-DEVOted Devo act that is really amazing. A New York KISS tribute band remarkably cast members who look out of makeup like KISS looked out of makeup (and who use the same makeup as KISS uses). The "Catman" even refers to his cat whiskers when talking about having sex with fans. A super-pro Rolling Stones tribute act suffers from a non-Mick sounding prettyboy lead, while a shitty bar band Stones cover act has a a spot-on (though individualistic) Mick done by an extremely ugly lead singer with crackwhore lipstick on to simulate Mick's lips. My fave segment may be a contemporary interview with an early 80s AC/DC act who are now haggard and heavyset but who look EXACTLY like AC/DC in the footage of them playing in the 80s...to over a thousand people on a stadium stage! Again, ultimately you should see this, it captures much of what makes tribute bands interesting. But another documentary will have to capture the true madness and magic of the artform.

Troubled Hubble "Penturbia" (Latest Flame www.latestflame.com) Aadam Jacobs, the weird guy who looks like Geddy Lee ansd records every indie show in Chicago, LOVES this band, which made me both curious and suspicious, because he also loves Stouffer's frozen pizza, which I can't stand. Anyhow, this sounds like John Darnielle from the Mountain Goats joined OKGO. I hope that is an obscure enough reference. Il iked, but not as much as Aadam does.

Turquoise Days – The Weird World of Echo and the Bunnymen by Chris Adams (Soft Skull) This is an intensive and cleverly constructed history of this Liverpool band. Alongside the historical details are the lyrics to the songs with corresponding comments by Ian McCulloch and the rest of the band. Perhaps the most valuable thing here is ample reprints of period press. This is definitely worth it if you're a fan, though if you have the Echo book that came out ten years ago it won't be much of a revelation, but the archival material and personal reflections of the band make it pretty valuable nonetheless.

Twenty-eight pages lovingly bound with Twine by Christoph Meyer ($2, POB 106 Danville, OH 43014) A fine zine about zine making, child rearing and being vegan, plus reviews of other zines and a vegan restaurant...he should ralso eview other people's children!

Conway Twitty "Looking Back –The Very Best of the MGM Recordings" (RPM) I'm not saying Twitty is Elvis-like or anything, but I do vividly recall where I was when I heard he died and I actually pulled the car over to think about it. The funny thing about it is that I rarely think of Twitty's 50s and 60s work when I warmly recall his greatness. Like George Jones, Twitty had a voice and a talent and good enough management to make remarkable, memorable commercial Country in the 70s, so good that it's possible to be a huge fan without reflecting on the earlier period. Possible, but dumb. This two CVD set makes me reaccess Twitty's greatness...he's one of the all time best! On the Rockabilly-esque and moody Country recordings of the 50s and early 60s his amazing, at times smooth as butter but often coursely expressive voice does wonders with amazing material, from pop and Rockabilly standards to soulful R&B-based stuff. Put this on and your home becomes Twitty City!

Twothirtyeight "you should be living" (Tooth and Nail) TwothirtyGREAT!

Ugly Things magazine ($6.50, 3707 Fifth Ave. #145 SD, CA 92103) When I get a new *Ugly Things* my goal is to finish reading it before next year's phone books come out, which I rarely do. I don't even dig the Yardbirds and Pretty Things and Downliner's Sect a 16th as much as Mike Stax does, but I love him loving them and I love this hefty mag.

Ultimate Revenge – A Guide to Polish Death Black Metal (MVD) A must have for extreme Metal fans, this features twenty or so Polish bands that run the gamut from early 80s and mid 90s thrash to all Black Metal styles, with mostly classic well-loved Metal clichés used in the attacks, but with the occasional unique and original twist. Belfagor takes corpse paint to the next level by having the lead singer look like a concentration camp corpse's zombie. Moon is absurdly dramatic. Thy Disease rages with classic brutality. Also comes with a CD.

Bob Urh & the Bare Bones (POB 1821 Murray Hill Sta. NYC 10156) Creepy reverbant low-key Crampsy Blues. Urh-gent!

Useless ID "no vacation from the real world" (Kung Fu POB 38009) SoCal style PopPunk via Israel with woosy vocals.

Vandals "Sweatin' To The Oldies" DVD (Kung Fu) The bass player narrates the story of this popular Pop Punk band in this concert video/bio movie. Even if you already have this on VHS it may be worth getting, as it includes a second disc with extra live songs, TV ads that use Vandals tracks and best of all some ads for an electronic drum kit that feature an adolescent Josh Freese, the Vandals super-drummer. The ace bonus material here may be the Bjork interview from a local TV show hosted by a Vandal in the late 80s or early 90s. Also interesting is that though this concert film was originally released before the complete punk mainstreaming the commentary track is new, so you get to hear the Vandals marveling at how few piercings there are in the audience and things like that.

Vaux "On Life; Living" (Volcom 1740 Monrovia Ave Costa Mesa, CA 92627) Whaux nelly! Progcore scrambled egg rock with feeling!

Vito "Birthday EP" (Nartworld.com) Pop, punk, pretty, positive...POW!

Voivod (Chophouserecords.com) Voivod's awesome new album backs up many of my theories of Metal. Theory One: If you aren't sure if a band is trying to be funny it is always better. Fuck Weird Al! I always found the Rock codenames and the futuristic themes and weird vibe of Voivod records humorous and wonderful, and the fact that I was never sure if they were dead serious about the nickname "Piggy" and the space-themes made it all the better. Theory Two: Underground-type bands who are still around after forever become legends even if you never liked them. I was always keen on the V, but when I played this for my friends who I know didn't like them back in the 80s they acted like Voivod were elder statesmen who they always worshipped. Theory Three: Jason Newsted was cool despite that fucking haircut. Leaving Metallica for Voivod is so awesome I can't express it in words. These great songs mention robots and The Matrix. Voivod rule!

Voodoo Organist "exotic demonic blues" (Witch Doctor 1321 Bates Ave 90027) Organ, Theremin and skulls are the instruments played by this Screaming Jay inspired One Man Band. VO fully immerses himself in spooky and this is a fun excursion for fans of Horror Lounge music.

The Wake Ups "Wanna meet..." (Laughing Outlaw) Pop buffet of tasty deep fried guitar nuggets.

The Warlocks "Phoenix Album" ((Birdman) Put a spell on me! Sleazy, serious Rock & Roll with a weird, important-seeming smoked flavor. And, incidentally, really well recorded drums.

Gino Washington "love bandit" (Norton) Deep stinky Soul originals by a man who could squeeze funk out of an unopened package of Odor-Eaters. The selling points here are alleged backup vocals by members of the Supremes and the MC5 (not at the same time) but no sales gimmicks are needed, this is a great album for dancing, drinking or dancing while somewhat drunk. Washington has a great voice and an amazing sense of how to make a record soulfully unique. Also, to have someone with Motown songwriting talent recording a few notches down on the lo-fi/quality of session dudes ladder is always interesting. There's a track called "Everything is Di-Jo-Be" that confuses and convinces as dijobe-ly as humanly possible! Also features Gino's productions for a girl singer and an act called the Tomangoes,who make what sounds like an ace cheapo Temptations demo (only one vocalist, but he can totally Dennis Edwards it). This is a real treat, and it even has a "Popcorn" song!

We Love You: A tribute to The Rolling Stones (Deaf and Dumb) A couple dozen Swedish bands, apparently on lude,s cover the Stones drearily. Never heard of any of the bands, and sorta wish I never heard the CD.

White Light Motorcade "Thank You, Goodnight" (Octone/BMG) Very white, but not too light.

The Who - Live at The Hollywood Bowl (July, 2002) Yes, The Who should have packed it in a long time ago, even though they still delivered the goods the one time I saw them in 1980. Still, I sympathized with their decision to carry on with their U.S.tour only days after the shocking death of John Entwistle. Had the tour not gone on, a lot of people would've been out of work, and it's fair to say that the lads probably felt they owed it to John to do one final (let's hope.) go round in his memory. The opening night of their tour found The Who in surprisingly good form, Daltrey singing with piss n' vinegar not heard in ages, and Townshend making with a calculated cacaphony on guitar, though (believe it or not), it could have been louder at time, paricularly on an otherwise impressive "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" with the keyboards too high in the mix. Still, with able backing from drummer Zak Starkey (Ringo's son, whom, you've probably heard, does a very credible take on Keith Moon's style) and their stand in bassist, who wisely didn't TRY to ape Entwistle's style (who could?) even old, overdone staples ("See Me, Feel Me," anything from "Who's Next," etc.) took on new life, as did less than lauded later tracks like "Another Tricky Day." Pete's epitaph for John was short but sweet, making it clear that they did, in fact, come to rock....and so they did. Pity that I couldn't have seen it myself, but I thank my friend, Dave, for letting me listen to the show live from his cellphone.

Gary Wilson "Forgotten Lovers" (Motel 210 E. 49th St. NYC 10017) More rarities from the man whom I previously described as a cross between Gary Gilmore and Brian Wilson. These tracks further Wilson's legacy of archaic futuristic keyboard flourishy "melodies" augmented by expressive, unique poetry of twisted love. Lovely in a spine chilling way.

The Witches "On Parade" (Fall of Rome) Great Flaming Lips-y sound, full and non-slcik without being muddy. Low-key Garage-style drinking-but not dancing in a bar music. Witchy but not itchy.

Wolf Eyes "Slicer" (Hanson POB 7496 Ann Arbor, MI 48108) Wolf Eyes is one of the only noise artists who really can keep getting better and better and who really have discernible releases. My absolute low-point of 2002 was putting the Bright Eyes CD in thinking it was a Wolf Eyes CD and hearing that awful pussy-ed out music when I wanted to hear this brilliant oddly populist cacophony. This sliced me! Bravo, this album was one of the high points of last year!

The Ken Woodman Sound "Town Talk!" (RPM) Like all RPM releases this contains elaborate liner notes that explain the historical significance of the artist and connect said artist to other British pop luminaries and reproduces gobs of primary source articles and photos. That said, I hardly heard of anyone I was suppose to know in these liner notes, and the fact that I should know Woodman through his connection with Sandie Shaw, whom I don't know from Sandy Alomar, put me in the state of mind where I would have to appreciate this CD on musical content alone. Wow! Arranger Woodman made swinging, humorous, lush Jazzy instrumental Pop on his two late 60s LPs (both included on this disc) and this is the elevator music they should have played on that magic no-gravity elevator in *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*! This is like Booker T's band being giving the zillion dollar studio/super producer treatment and making sure a bit of Soul ekes through. There's a few standards covered (a Beatle's tune, "Mighty Quinn," "Take the A Train) but this is best when it is just capturing a standard groove or musical motif (Mexican flavor, Swinging London, bass driven funkiness) and just lets loose. Get this Wood, man!

The World "Lucky Planet" (Vinyl Japan) Neil Innes (Bonzo Dog, Ruttles) made this surprisingly obscure brilliant album back in the day, and this reissue give it a minute boost up from total obscurity. Not as funny or goofy as his other bands (despite a Godzilla song) this is actual progressive pop music that features a King Crimson member and sort of heralds an era of Crimson-esque British music.

Wow and Flutter "names" (Jealous Butcher POB 14306 Portland, OR 97293-0306) Slow-core that shouldn't be allowed to use the word "Wow."

Link Wray live, The Abbey (Chicago, July 2002) This show had been postponed for medical reasons (reportedly an eye operation, but nothing to get really scared about.), but Link, who usually looks about 20 years his junior, looked disturbingly frail and worn, though he played beautifully on the usual bunch of classics like "Rawhide," "Rumble," "Jack The Ripper" plus "Ace of Spades" and "Fatback" back to back (they're virtually the same song...ask The Cramps.). What got me about this show was a series of rants directed at everybody from the Taliban to Col. Tom Parker. It was side-splittingly funny and stone cold serious at the same time , like Lenny Bruce and Andy Kaufman had taken possession of his soul. Humor, rage, and confusion...we've all felt them at the same time. Here's a few samples (Not exact quotes) "They need to go down to the reservation and get some of my Shawnee brothers to cut the Taliban's fuckin' heads off and bury 'em under the dirt!" "Frank Zappa told me, "You'll never make it as a hippie musician," and I said, Frank, I don't wanna be a hippie musician!" " " Man, buy The Neville Bros.' version of "Fire and Brimstone"! It beats Hell out of mine!." "Jesus said, "Don't take no shit from nobody " "I'm half Shawnee Indian. The Shawnee started out as peaceful people, we only cared about fishing, hunting deer, and fucking our women at night!" He was going OFF, but it was all good. It's quite possible that this may be the last tour of the states Link will be able to do. It would be selfish to ask him to give any more than he already has, but he's always going to be a force to be reckoned with, whether playing his guitar or addressing an audience, both of which he does more convincingly these days than Dick Dale, who, come to think of it, CAN (or already did) make it as a hippie musician.

written in the sand "47 ursae majoris" (Johann's Face POB 479164 Chicago IL 60647) Happy high-school kid keyboard music for taking romantic walks on a Space Beach with your best girl.

x Venal I.V.x & The Anti DiFrancos " Poison Candy Presents...." (P.O.box 9263 Missoula, MT 59807) Speaking as someone who's probably old enough to be their Dad, I found this to be a pro-parent CD.

Yeah Yeah Yeahs "Machine" (Touch and Go) Should be called the Hell Yeah Hell Yeah Hell Yeahs!

Young Heart Attack (Beggars) Wow! Rocks and Rolls the Rock and Roll with Axl meets Perry Farrell meets New York Dolls vocals! Wow!

Yu-Gi-Oh! "Music To Duel By" (Dreamworks) Melodramatic Techno Bubblegum Battle Rock to play when you play this kids card game. O.K.

Michael Zapruder "this is a beautiful town" (Explorable Oriole POB 11724 Berkeley, CA 94712-2724) A "Z" alphabetically, but an "A" for loveliness.

Zoar "Clouds Without Water" (Middle Pillar Presents) Darkwave modern classical high drama genius music of some sort that confounds yet seduces me at the same time. Make love to me you demon lords of quiet, articulate chaos and futuristic static!

Zook and Max Ain't What They Used To Be comix ($2?, Tomothy Charles Kelly, 105 Madison Ave. 6th Fl. NYC 10016) Old fashioned bigfoot comix with gags and punchlines and stars around the head when someone gets punched and flying sweat beads when someone's worried and the Goth equivalent of Betty and Veronica! A million yuks!

WRESTLING THEMED GUEST REVIEWS
by EVAN GINZBURG

*(Ginzburg edits **Wrestling Then & Now** zine)*

Missy Hyatt — First Lady of Wrestling by Missy Hyatt with Charles Salzberg and Mark Goldblatt (ECW Press. ecwpress.com) Missy Hyatt's autobiography is skimpier than some of her outfits. Clocking in at 164 pages with dozens of pages of generally poor quality photographs, Missy's book reads like a kiss and tell rather than a true autobiography. It's rare that you get a true sense of just what makes the people in her life tick. And it's even harder for her to get into her own head. With the exception of her love of the almighty dollar, you just can't read her. Missy's summary of the hurt she experienced after ex-husband's Eddie Gilbert's death is typical of just what's lacking in this book: "I paid my respects in my own way six months later. I went by and had lunch with his mom. I left flowers on Eddie's grave. It was a private moment. I mean, it wasn't a photo op. I knelt down, said a prayer and then I got up and left." Not exactly revealing. Where Missy's at her best is in talking about her sexual escapades. Unfortunately, I could care less about most of them; as a wrestling aficionado I read this book for insight into the legends she worked with. The following passage tells of her rendezvous with Val Venis. It may titillate some, but just left me saying "So what?" "I put on the Doors Greatest Hits CD. The song Light My Fire had just started when we fell back on the bed. By the time it was over, so was the sex. I mean, it was like the shortest, lamest sex I'd ever had. Then I was like, 'OK you got to go. See you around.' Poor guy. Talk about a guy's gimmick not being him!" She has similar poor bedroom reviews for Scott Putski and footballer Jim Kelly. I don't know about you, but Scott Putski's love life isn't exactly on the top of my priority list. Clearly, Missy feels that "sex sells" and made that the emphasis of the book. But even here the reader is never clear if she's a liberated woman with a strong sexual appetite, or just a glorified groupie sleeping with a wide array of wrestlers and other pro athletes. Missy Hyatt First Lady of Wrestling is a major disappointment.

The Encyclopedia of Professional Wrestling- Then & Now: 100 years of the Good, the Bad and the Unforgettble by Kristian Pope & Ray Wheebe Jr.(Krause Publications) Question. How do you cram 100 years of pro wrestling history, 500 photos, and a 500 wrestler "slamography" into 176 pages? Answer. Not very well. On the very first page, the writing's on the wall when the authors state, "Here, new fans to wrestling will find an entry point into the rich history of the sport, while true-blue fans will get a refresher course in the last 100 years which have shaped that strange but fascinating world of pro wrestling." Frankly, after following this for thirty years and writing about it for almost as long, I don't need a "refresher course." Sure the pix are great (many are from WT&N's own Dr. Mike Lano) and I sighed nostalgically when I saw Nick Bockwinkle, Gorgeous George and Larry Hennig all on the back cover. But insight into the wrestling business? Maybe if you're 12 years old and it's a whole new world that's opened up to you. My gut instinct is that the authors had a lot of material left over from their previous book, Professional Wrestling Collectibles, when the sport was hot a few years ago. They must have figured they could strike again while the iron was hot. But to offer at one point seven straight pages of pictures and not a word of text is not exactly journalism of the highest order. As someone who believes you should "do things right or not at all," I would have made this either a picture book or *truly* attempted to document history ALA Karl Stern when he does his massive projects for Dragonking Publishing. Referring to Johnny Valentine as one of the Valiant Brothers is also a sign that this wasn't done with the care that it should have been. If I were to sum this project up in one word, it would be "overview." Hey, it's wonderful to see rare pictures like the one of Butcher Vachon with Vivian Vachon, but nice pix alone do not an "encylopedia" make. This one's for completists only.

Ultimate Card & Comics/Wrestling Universe Presents Shoot video series. The shoot video phenomenon is something I'm just hooking into. It's addictive, folks. The irony of the whole thing is that guys who always fascinated you are sometimes major disappointments while stars you could "take or leave" are riveting. As far as filmmaking, Orson Welles this isn't. The stars sit at a table against a backdrop of wrestling posters or memorabilia and basically talk for two, three or four hours. But their tales can be and often are fascinating. These are but a few of the tapes available and my honest take on them…

TITO SANTANA SHOOT VIDEO: Tito Santana was always one of the wrestlers I enjoyed watching, although he never came near to breaking my top ten favorite list. I was. thus, pleasantly surprised by this tape. Santana lets us in on a little known fact — the powers that be were deciding behind the scenes between him and Brett Hart on who would hold the WWF title belt. They obviously opted for Hart, costing Santana mucho dinero in the process. But Santana doesn't read as bitter. In fact, he seemed to have enjoyed his ride, and looks back at his career successes with great fondness. Interviewer Rob Cappaletti goes through the prestigious list of Inter-Continental champions Santana faced with his take on each of them as both wrestlers and human beings. Santana is very big on showing respect for the veteran wrestlers in the business and believes his own positive attitude helped him move up the ladder. He looks down on the hardcore wrestling of today as he feels it's a wrestler's job to protect rather than hurt each other. Santana today runs a hair salon and seems content with his life and career and finally being off the road and with his family. After watching this tape, you feel like you'd enjoy sitting down and having a beer with Tito as he reads like a likable, low-key type of fellow. I enjoyed this tape and recommend it.

GREG VALENTINE SHOOT VIDEO You can't mention Tito Santana without bringing up Greg Valentine. While Hulk Hogan sold out arenas throughout the country, Valentine and Santana had a wildly successful feud that headlined and sold out what I guess you'd call the "B cards" the very same nights. Valentine in "his day" was a wonder to behold. Greg is clearly proud of his wrestling ability and shows absolute disdain for hardcore wrestlers in this video. Quite different in temperament from Santana, he seems to hold some bitterness towards various wrestling insiders, particularly the WCW team that didn't give him the push he felt he deserved in the 90s. Valentine today looks like something the cat dragged in, but he's open, honest, and clearly passionate about a business that he devoted his life to. An added bonus to the video are the Mid-Atlantic highlights including some great wrestling footage of Greg with Piper, Dick Slater and various other greats. The infamous Piper-Valentine dog collar match is here and as he discusses the match in detail it's even more of a treat. Like Santana, Valentine is someone I always respected but isn't one of my "all-time faves." Nonetheless, I enjoyed this fascinating look into the wrestling business, where "I'll do something for you, but what are you going to do for me?" Check it out.

LOU ALBANO SHOOT VIDEO Of all the videos in this series (some two dozen at this point), this is the one I most looked forward to watching. I have to admit I was a bit disappointed. True, I got a nostalgic buzz out of hearing about all the champions Lou managed. But sometimes his answers were a bit too generalized for my tastes and on occasion he was forgetful. Hearing that so and so is "a nice guy" doesn't exactly make for great cinema. Albano's comparisons of McMahon Sr. and Jr. are definitely of interest to WWWF old school fans like myself, though. If this were a real movie I'd give it 2 1/2*. Certainly a pleasant enough way to spend two hours, but nothing that will rock your socks.

LUNA AND GANGREL SHOOT VIDEO If there's one shoot video to buy to *really* get a sense of the obsession and sacrifice that goes into being a pro wrestler, this is the one. Luna Vachon spills her guts. And I mean spills them. She talks about befriending Sable but resenting her not paying her dues. Luna's lifelong dream was to hold the WWF title and when Sable got it, Luna claims the champ informed her "I don't have to take any bumps." You can rest assured this didn't sit well with Ms. Vachon who also has some choice words for Marc Mero and which led to a locker room confrontation between the two couples. Luna even talks about crying after putting over Sable at Wrestlemania and the reasons why her WWF tenure was cut short. It's not a pretty picture of a business that fails to reward loyalty. Luna and Gangrel talking about Owen Hart will just tear your heart out as this tougher than tough pair fight back tears. It is truly moving. As wild as this married couple look, you just get a sense of them being great folk who would reward your friendship with undying devotion. In an industry full of con men, these two shine. The Luna and Gangrel Shoot Video stands out above all the others in the series that I've seen. I put this with Beyond the Mat as one of the few films to really let you inside the wrestling business. Don't miss it.

BALLS MAHONEY/BIG DICK DUDLEY SHOOT VIDEO When Balls Mahoney starts his part of the interview video by sticking several thumb-tacks in his head and proclaiming his love of caffeine, alcohol and nicotine, I winced and braced myself for two hours of juvenile, self-destructive crap. I couldn't have been more wrong. Balls Mahoney is a living example of what hardcore wrestling can do to you. He displays his scarred, destroyed body and heads to his bag to get pain killers right in the middle of the interview. He informs us that he has little cartilage left in his knees and is in such pain that he has to crawl to get his pain-killers in the morning. He straight up tells kids not to backyard wrestle and warns young grapplers to avoid hardcore at all costs. He's intelligent, passionate and sincere (albeit in a crazed wildman John Belushi sort of way). You will rarely get such insight into the pro wrestling industry and it's very ugly side. His tale of pulling a knife on an allegedly "wasted" Jim Duggan after an "abortion" of a match shows the seamy side of rasslin' that a million issues of *Pro Wrestling Torch* could never dream of capturing. He has some choice words on what he feels are Mr. Keller's lack of reporting ethics as well. The late Dick Dudley opens the tape. I hoped to get some insight into this victim of the wrestling industry, but besides the standard obsession with wrestling, I can't say that I did. I was surprised by his proclaiming that he was the "best" talent in the ECW locker room and his repeated insistence that his career was held back. Footage of several less than stellar matches seem to indicate otherwise. He loved his strippers and road trips, though. Let's hope there were an awful lot of fun nights for this giant as his life was cut short at age 37.
Buy the tape for the Mahoney segment. You won't be disappointed.

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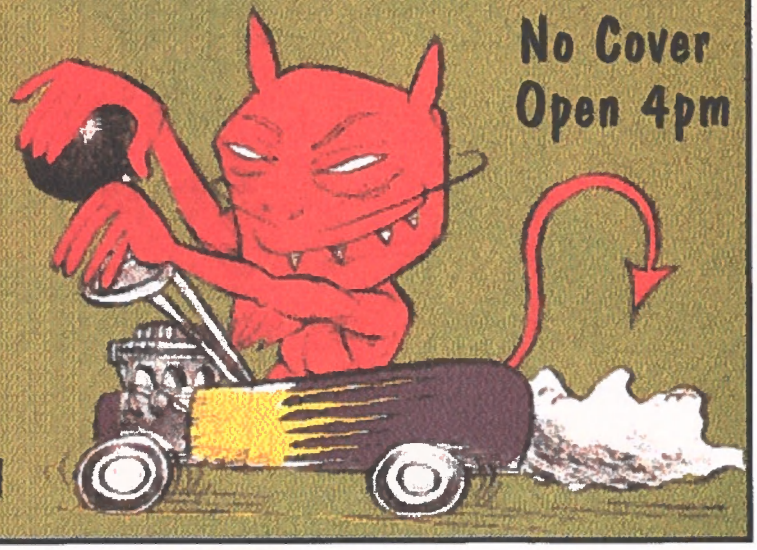

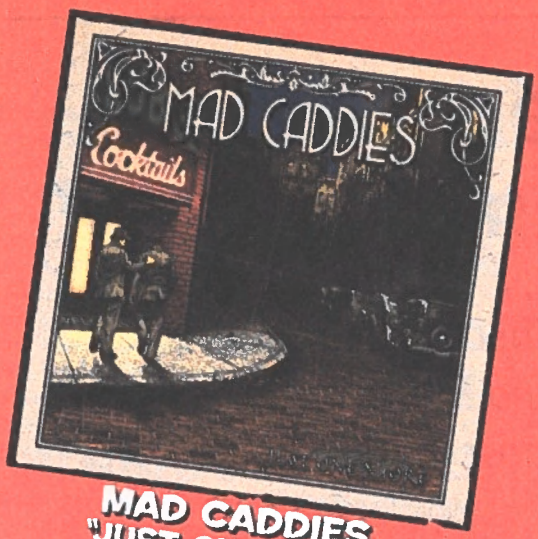

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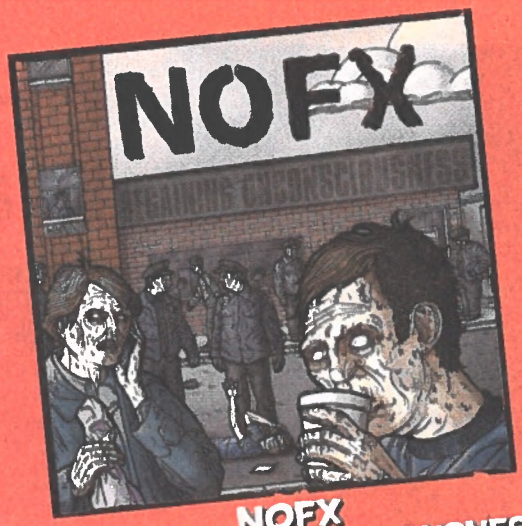

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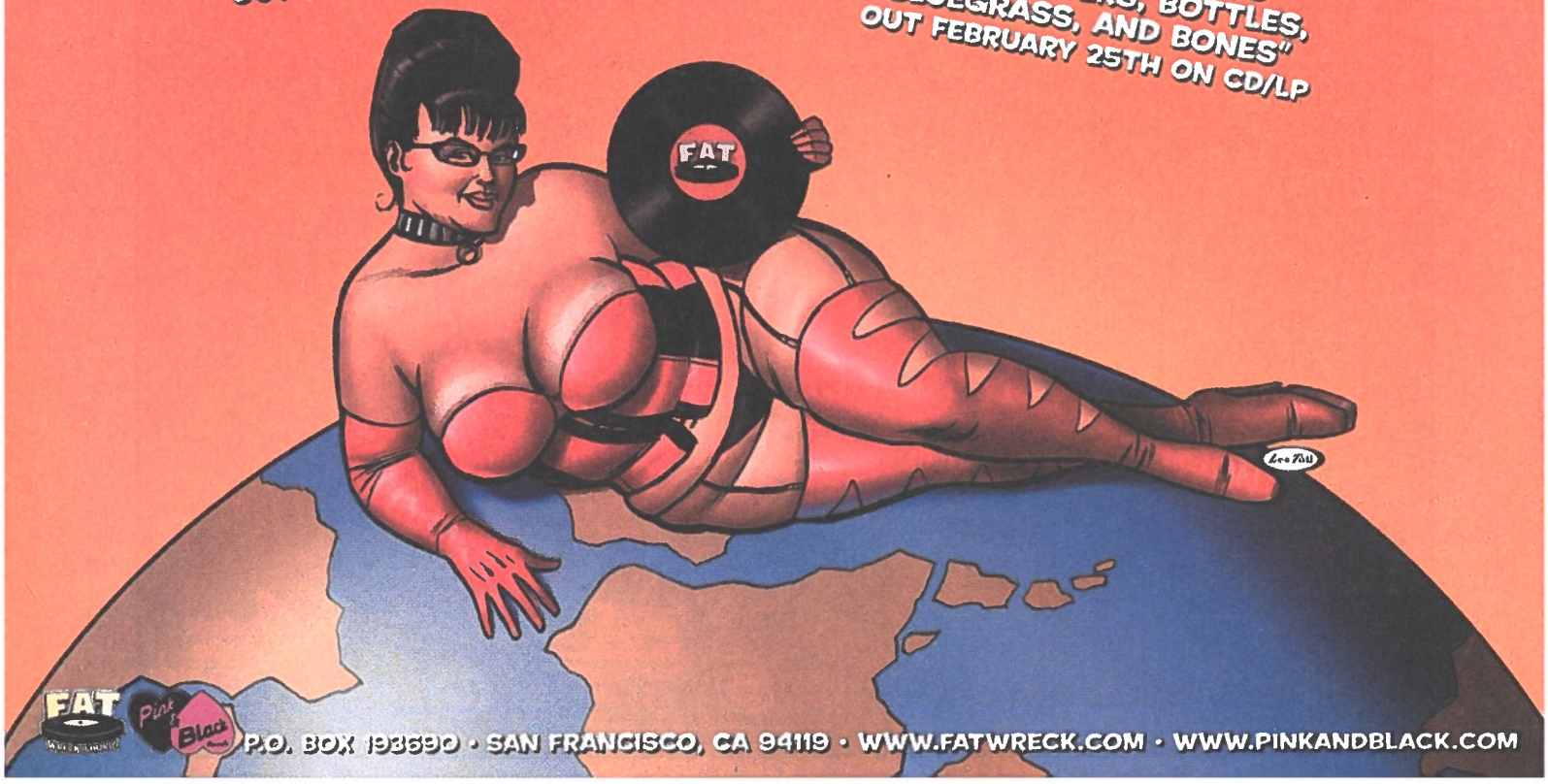

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